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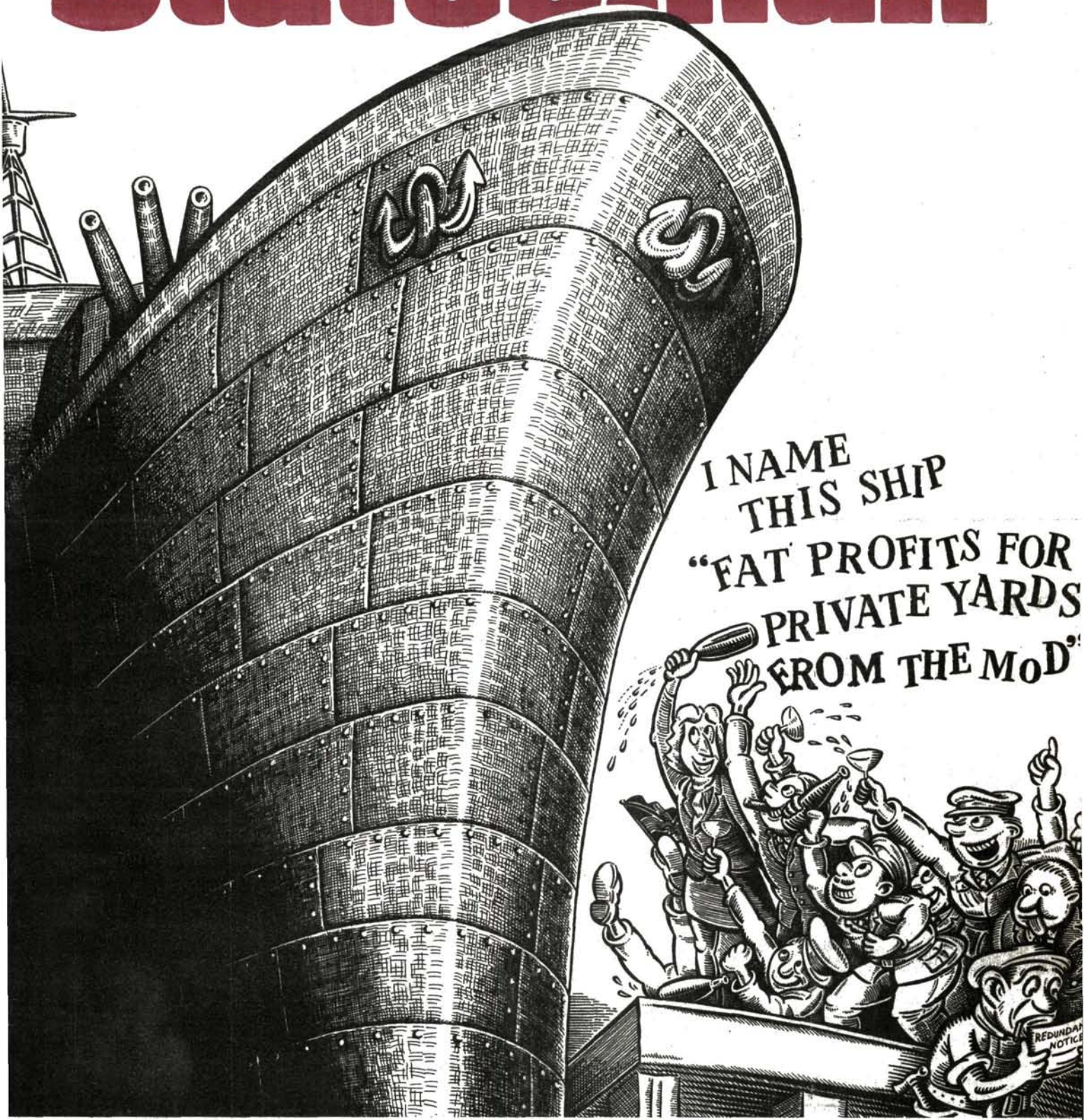
New Statesman



BREAKING UP THE YARDS

PLUS: Roy Hattersley replies • Liverpool's politics • Arts • Bernard Crick on Ponting • Books

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New Statesman

Cover drawing: Cliff Harper

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New Statesman

Vol 109 No 2814 22 February 1985

Immigration service in the dock

ANY FUTURE government with a *genuine* concern for civil liberties must be committed to breaking up the Home Office in its present form. For its ethos is bedded in restriction and pervades all the rest of the range of activities for which it is responsible.

Police, prisons, law and order, and the immigration service are the engine of the Home Office. All are necessarily functions concerned with stopping errant citizens from doing things, where the presumption is that the 'client' is a villain.

In the past two decades only two Home Office ministers have managed to keep reforming head and shoulders above the surface of penal enforcement. One was Roy Jenkins, though even he found it more effective to do good by helping Private Members' Bills than by frontal assault on his department. The second was junior Home Office minister, Alex Lyon, who might be forgiven for reflecting with some bitterness how little good it did his ministerial or political career. Par for Home Office ministers is at the other extreme. As Home Secretary, Lord Whitelaw established an unjustified reputation as a sensible, middle-of-the-road figure with basically 'liberal' instincts. Yet when, in the run up to the 1983 election, he proudly proclaimed that the Tory Party was the party that was 'building for the future' it was simply the government's prison building programme to which he was alluding.

The last in the long line of Home Office ministers who have positively embraced the Home Office ethos is Mr David Waddington. He is the Minister of State responsible, among other things, for immigration control and thus, indirectly, for the Commission for Racial Equality. The CRE is a statutory 'quango', whose members are appointed by the Home Office. Its independent investigation into Britain's immigration procedures, published this month, has taken an age to see the light of day. The contemptuous response to it on behalf of the government by Mr Waddington must fuel the anger and frustration of this country's ethnic minorities.

The Home Office is supposed to be the department responsible for the development of race relations policy and the elimination of racial discrimination in this country. Yet it has systematically sought to obstruct the CRE enquiry, which followed the public outrage following 'virginity testing' on an Indian woman at Heathrow airport in 1979, ostensibly designed to establish whether, as a potential immigrant, she was a *bona fide* wife.

At first the Home Office refused to investigate the alleged incident. When the CRE announced its intention of conducting an inquiry into immigration procedures — since they were so obviously of relevance to its standing terms of reference — the Home Office resorted to the courts in a vain effort to prevent it. When the CRE investigation revealed the clearest evidence of racial prejudice and discrimination in the immigration service, the Home Office reaction was to deny it, justify it, explain it away — everything except to promise to do what it could to eradicate it. Even the Metropolitan Police were more politically sensitive in the face of a similar, but far less damning, report.

When, after sitting in Home Office in-trays for a year, the CRE report was finally published, Mr Waddington seemed barely to have read it. Certainly he was not ready with any serious response. He seemed in fact to reflect personally the propensity for racial

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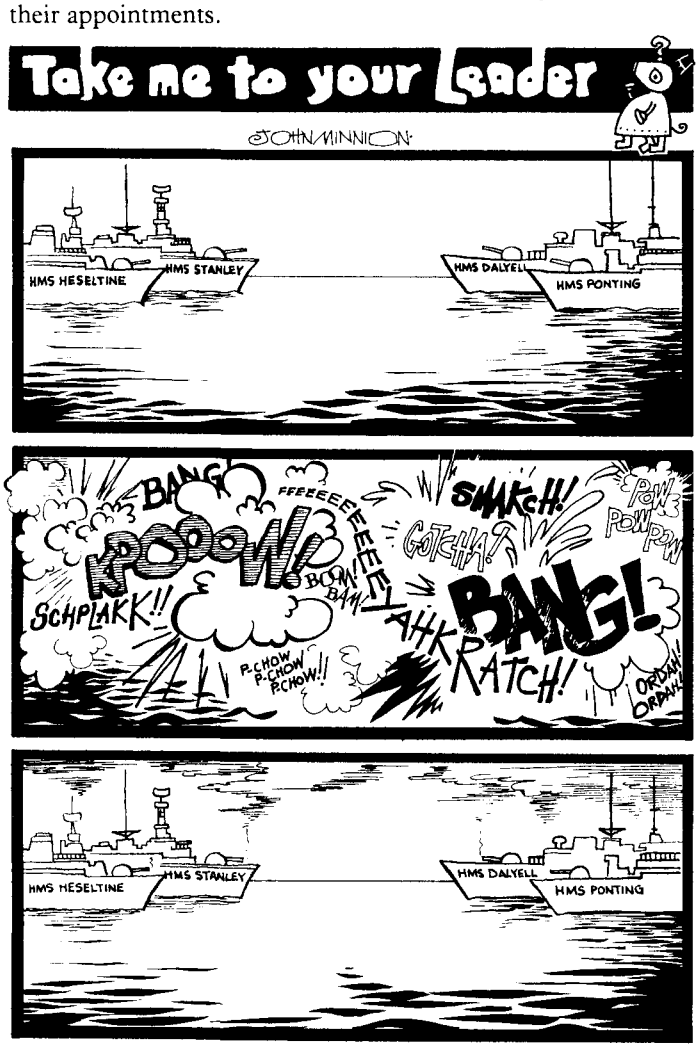
stereotyping and prejudice that the report found in the immigration service as a whole. For his only substantive response was that the report was 'fundamentally flawed, in that it fails to face up to the fact that there is more pressure to emigrate from some countries than others'.

In fact the report sets out the Home Office's defence of immigration practices with great care — and then takes it apart, leaving it with less credibility than the feeble excuses of a racist employer or landlord facing prosecution under the Race Relations Act.

The report is almost entirely confined to the study of immigration control *procedures* — and not with the law and regulations on which they depend. Even so, it sets out the case for changes in some of the rules, whose inhuman effect on the lives of immigrant families is most blatant: for example, the virtual exclusion of elderly parents of those living here and the hurdles preventing the entry of children of single parents.

It also criticises, though insufficiently, the rules preventing husbands joining their wives. Since the CRE's overseas investigation was conducted, it has emerged that in Delhi, for example, the current refusal rate of husbands' applications is 55 per cent (and 77 per cent for fiancés) — normally on the circular and negative grounds that the man has failed to show that immigration was *not* the primary purpose of the marriage, or proposed marriage. It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that the application of the present immigration regime is both racist and sexist.

None of this, however, appears to cause the slightest political or personal embarrassment to Mr Waddington. The CRE has earned substantial credit for a report which is more professional, perceptive and determined than many had expected. If it is to maintain that credit it must stick to its guns, even in face of a government with a record of silencing its critics by not renewing their appointments.



For the longer term, though, the episode of this CRE report is only further strong evidence that the Home Office needs to be divided. The functions of police, prisons and the immigration service should go to a Ministry of the Interior, of a kind familiar in most other countries. Concern for the rights of all who live here, or claim a right to do so, should go to a Ministry of Justice, whose priorities and ethos would be quite different. Under such a division, some future CRE would be responsible to a different department, with the chance that it might be reporting to a Minister of State, who at least gave the impression of thinking that its work was important. □

Nigel looks for excuses

CHANCELLOR LAWSON is getting an exceptionally high concentration of pre-budget flak from his own side. The reason for the change is clear enough. Everyone can see that the policies that the government has been pursuing for six years have failed to achieve the breakthrough to some Thatcherite dream world of a virtuous economic and financial spiral. She said at the start that there would be three hard years, followed by a decade and more of self-sustaining non-inflationary prosperity. Instead there have been six years, far harder than anyone would have dared to forecast. And all for nothing.

The Tory backbenches have taken their time to come to this obvious conclusion. But now they fear that an ideologically determined and politically ambitious Chancellor still has not understood (or cannot bring himself to understand) the total bankruptcy of the economic and financial theories to which he has so firmly and publicly nailed his ideological and ambitious colours.

The evidence of failure lies around him. In the early days his predecessor could claim that 'things take time'. Mrs Thatcher's government has had time — longer, for example, than the whole of the Second World War. Yet under Thatcher a life without work has become part of the British way of life for millions. Interest rates are at crisis levels. The pound will shortly go below the dollar, because the British economy is in no state to support a higher rate.

So scapegoats have to be found. Why is the Thatcherite economic millennium not with us, not even dawning, when other lands, particularly the United States have been having it at least relatively good. 'Because there is no socialist party in the US' is being trotted out with apparent seriousness, though not being taken up by economists. It used to be claimed that cutting high marginal rates of tax on the rich, or abolishing exchange and other controls, would quickly produce a new 'enterprise' culture. Sir Geoffrey Howe once devoted the peroration to one of his early budget speeches to proposing tax free 'enterprise zones' as the new way of restoring the British economy.

The search for new excuses for the failure of the last six years has shifted from the rich to the poor. The problem, it is now claimed, is that the unemployed remain unemployed because it hardly pays to work. So, in the name of a review, behind the scenes the dismantling of whole areas of the welfare state is being planned, in order to make it more uncomfortable to be out of work. Then Chancellor Lawson will increase income tax thesholds, with the argument that this will make work more worthwhile.

The argument is obscene. There is a strong case for reform of the tax and benefit system. But the reason why people are unemployed in their millions is because there is not enough demand for jobs. Mr Lawson must not be allowed to persuade people with any more 'supply side' lunacy. □

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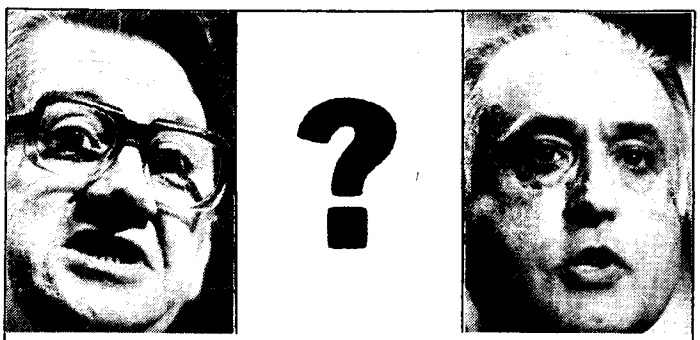
FOUND IN HARINGEY — THOUSANDS OF LOST LABOUR VOTERS

A CAMPAIGN by a London borough to improve the quality of its electoral register indicates that hundreds of thousands of people around the country — many of whom rank as probable Labour supporters — can't vote because they aren't on registers. In a close election, their votes could tip the balance. PETER KELLNER reports



Atkinson (*left*); the MP who never was (*centre*); Rossi (*right*)

THE LONDON borough of Haringey has two MPs: one Labour and one Conservative. Had a complete register been compiled of all eligible electors Haringey would today be entitled to three MPs — and at least two, possibly all three, would be Labour.

That's the stark conclusion to be drawn from a £30,000 campaign, just completed, by the council to improve the quality of its electoral register. It decided to contact all households that didn't complete last autumn's annual 'A' form on which the head of the household is supposed to register everyone entitled to vote.

This meant visiting one in six households in the borough. Fifty per cent of these visits were successful in finding people eligible to join the register.

As a result of the exercise, Haringey now has 10,000 new electors — 5,919 in Norman Atkinson's safe Labour seat of Tottenham and 4,177 in Hornsey & Wood Green, where Sir Hugh Rossi's majority for the Conservatives in 1983 was just 3,899.

A more thorough registration exercise would certainly have yielded more new voters — not only from households that council interviewers tried and failed to reach, but also from households that *did* return their 'A' forms but with incomplete information.

10,000 extra

As it is, an extra 10,000 electors have been given their political rights. If they'd been contacted five years ago, then Haringey wouldn't have faced the reduction from three to two constituencies that resulted from the last Boundary Commissioners' inquiries: the borough was only a few thousand votes short of the number of electors that would have entitled it to three MPs.

Traditionally, the borough used to return two Labour MPs and one Tory. But the Tory constituency — Hornsey — had gradually become a marginal, and in the 1981 GLC election was won by Labour.

As a high proportion of the new electors come from ethnic minorities (the 'A' form can be particularly daunting for anyone whose first language is not English), and since ethnic minority voters tend to favour Labour, an accurately registered electorate might well have returned a Labour MP for Hornsey in both 1979 and 1983.

Multiply Haringey's experience throughout urban Britain, and the impact of the present deficiencies in our registration system is both to deny hundreds of thousands of people of their most fundamental political right — and also to distort the results of the electoral process. ●

DPP gets Hart papers

OUR CHRONICLE of events leading to the suicide of 35-year-old avionics engineer Philip Hart (*NS* 8 February) has resulted in the case's referral to the Director of Public Prosecutions. Lincolnshire police's deputy chief constable Michael Hirst announced last week that after legal advice it had been decided the police file on the matter should be sent to the DPP 'for further investigation and direction'.

Jack Lundin

Heseltine's top speed response to 'Greenham shooting' tape

MICHAEL HESELTINE has made an unusually swift and categoric response to an MP's questions over the alleged shooting inside the Greenham air base last week.

In a letter replying to Bob Clay, Labour MP for Sunderland North, the Minister of Defence says: 'I can state categorically that no shooting has taken place' — and claims that the radio messages claiming to be from a patrol tracking and apprehending an armed intruder were a hoax.

Exerpts from a tape of the incident recorded by someone outside the base were played last Thursday on TV-AM and it was later reported that the Ministry of Defence had said that the tape itself was a hoax — which Heseltine is not now claiming.

He goes on to say in his letter to Bob Clay that the 'sources of the unauthorised messages will be thoroughly investigated'. And very interestingly, he suggests the possibility that those sources could have come *from inside the base*, or be anyone with a commercially available radio system.

As Clay points out 'If that's the case, we need more information. If it's someone inside the base, then that's extremely worrying. And the thought of anyone being able to listen into base communications and then put the entire base on alert — and we are talking about a base housing nuclear weapons — then that is also very, very serious'.

Clay plans to press Heseltine on the question, but also to suggest that it's difficult to believe the Man in the Flak Jacket's explanation. 'Having listened to the tape, and the way that personnel who are trained to act with cool and reserve very quickly start talking about shooting and wounding, I'm still sceptical that there was no more to this', he says.

The speed with which Heseltine replied — within four days of Clay first putting his questions — is unusual and indicates the government's own anxiety over the incident.

Jane Dibblin

Frantic calls to save key Collet's shop from closure

'RATIONALISATION' plans under which the famous political booksellers Collet's Holdings aim to reduce their three outlets in the Charing Cross Rd, London, to two have not only now roused an EDM (Early Day Motion, in the House of Commons) but also a letter of protest signed by among others Raymond Williams and E P Thompson (see Letters p 24).

Collet's have informed staff that they want to close their Penguin shop (lease has two years to run); move the stock and staff to their London Bookshop (eight years or so lease to run); make staff redundant at the London Bookshop; and concentrate the main political range at the International shop (lease has some 20 years to run).

USDW (Union of Shop, Distributive & Allied Workers) negotiators are demanding that the redundancy threats be withdrawn as prelude to 'full discussions'. The degree of public concern derives though from outrage that the most famous outlet of the three, the London Bookshop, should suffer effective abolition just one year after celebrations for its golden jubilee (50 years).

'It is unique in London', say Raymond Williams and others, 'in providing access to shelf-space for every shade of radical opinion . . .' The International shop, by contrast, has suffered in the past and does still from a belief that stocking policy is unduly weighted by an arrangement with the Soviet distribution company International Book Co: Collet's is understood to get a 60 per cent discount in exchange for allotting 20 per cent of floor space.

Collet's management categorically deny that the Soviets have a say in policy. Eva Skelly, managing director of Collet's Holdings, says the political bookshops are being amalgamated to eliminate duplication of service and breadth of stock will be maintained: 'We're known as specialists, and it's the obvious formula for survival. We'll be building on the tradition we're known for'.

A proposal by London Bookshop staff to run the shop collectively has been rejected by the board. (See also Miscellany, opposite page).

Martin Vogel

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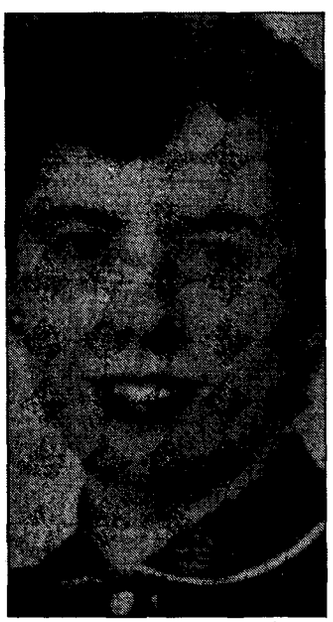
Annie Maguire to be set free this Friday morning

ANNIE MAGUIRE, convicted of explosives offences at the Old Bailey on 4 March 1976, is being released from Cookham Wood prison this Friday (22 February), having served a full sentence — with ordinary remission — despite the extraordinary nature of vital evidence produced at her trial. The evidence was widely criticised at the time, as well as subsequently. BOB WOFFINDEN reports

THE 'IMAGE' of Annie Maguire created by her conviction can be seen in e.g. the *Sun* of 26 November 1984, which, noting that she had then been given a weekend parole, said 'The IRA's evil Auntie Annie tasted freedom yesterday . . . she gave bomb-making lessons in her kitchen . . . police discovered a bomb factory at Maguire's home . . .'



A decade inside — Annie Maguire

She was at no time given leave to appeal, and therefore her 'reputation' remains fixed for newspapers to deal with however they please. Yet public figures (Lord Fitt, Sir John Biggs-Davison MP, ex-MP Christopher Price, and Cardinal Hume) and the media (*NS* 21 March 1980, 1 January 1982, and 9 March 1984, and *Panorama* and Yorkshire TV's *First Tuesday*) have expressed concern and/or reservations.

A family in court

Annie Maguire and other members of her family were convicted of explosives offences at the Old Bailey on 4 March 1976. She and her husband, Paddy, received 14-year prison terms; two of her sons, Vincent and Patrick, five- and four-year terms; her brother, Sean Smyth, and brother-in-law, Guiseppe Conlon, 12 years each; and a family friend, Pat O'Neil, eight years.

To anyone who knew the Maguires, the charges were absurd. Annie and Paddy had sailed for England from Belfast on their wedding night in 1957. Both had always considered themselves loyal subjects of the Crown. Paddy served in the British army, and Annie was a member of Paddington Conservative Association.

In November 1974 Paul Hill and Guiseppe Conlon's son Gerard, the first people arrested under the Prevention of Terrorism Act, were subjected to intense police questioning. In the course of it, Gerard Conlon said he had learned to make bombs in his aunt's kitchen, which is where the phrase 'Aunt Annie's Bomb Kitchen' originated.

It was stated at the trial that traces of explosive had been discovered in swabs taken from the hands of the seven (or, in Annie's case, from a kitchen glove found in a drawer). These had been detected by thin-layer chromatography (TLC), and were so minute that they were termed in evidence 'invisible traces' — the equivalent of one-millionth of a grain of sugar.

Critical evidence

Leon Brittan, when Minister of State at the Home Office, confirmed in Parliament on 4 August 1980 that 'the case for the Crown rested almost entirely on expert evidence on the results of the TLC tests.' However, this 'expert evidence' had been produced by an 18-year-old (described by the judge as an 'apprentice') who, contrary to scientific procedure, destroyed the samples in doing the tests.

The results couldn't be verified. Further, the scientist — Dr John Yallop — who devised the TLC test gave evidence for the *defence* at the trial, saying that it wasn't reliable and that innocuous substances like cigarette smoke or household cleaning agents could give similar readings.

No explosives were ever discovered. Moreover the police, who had the Maguire house under observation prior to the arrests, didn't, as would have been expected, tear the house apart. Fitted carpets in the house weren't lifted, nor boarded-up fireplaces examined.

All pressure for judicial review since 1976 has been unavailing. Applications for leave to appeal against the verdicts were dismissed. With Annie Maguire's release, all seven have now served their sentences with the exception of Guiseppe Conlon, who died in prison. ●

MISCELLANY

Poor relief

Staff of Collet's (*see facing page*) declare themselves to be 'confused' about who they actually work for. Directors of Collet's Holdings apparently have shares in the company, but only for their period of office. A large *tranche*, some £10,000 nominal, is held by Eva Reckitt Trust, whose purposes — irony of ironies, with redundancies threatened — are 'to relieve poverty'. Without profits, of course, that's nugatory. Eva Reckitt herself (younger readers join here) is one of those names-to-conjure-with in Collet's star-spangled history of significance to the Left. A lesbian communist, she it was who in 1934 bought up the site of an anarchist bookshop and founded the London Bookshop, now at the centre of the storm.

Absit omen

Here, verbatim, is the leaked transcript of a recent conversation between a Brit tourist and a young US airforce officer while both were queuing for Disneyland, outside LA. ' "Gee, are you English?" he asked me, implying the British only exist in old movies. On hearing the affirmative, he promptly informed me he was heading eastwards to the old country himself: "I'm going to the Greenham Common base — have you heard of it?" "Well, er, yes". I hesitated: "Do you know there's demonstrations outside all the time?" "Oh yeah, we've heard about that. I've just been on a two-week course to learn how to deal with them" '.

Funny sort of burglar

Another break-in. At 7 am this Wednesday (20 Feb) the Woolf family of Mornington Crescent found the very strong security lock on the kitchen window facing the garden had been forced and the glass broken. No burglary: piles of paper untouched, valuable pictures unmolested, £30 still in trouser pocket left in living room, gold watch in full view on desk. No footprints in the snow, which had been swept over. Send for Mycroft. For the family publishing firm (Cecil Woolf) operates from that address, and. . . yes; you guessed it; of course; naturally. Woolf's have published four books on the Falklands, two by Tam Dalyell. They are about to publish *Guardian* Belgranosophist Richard Norton-Taylor's instant on the Ponting affair. Two weeks ago freelancer Graham Smith phoned to propose a book on the Hilda Murrell case. Plot now thickens: Tam Dalyell told Woolf's that Judith Cook (*NS* 25 January and *passim*) is already writing her own account of the Murrell mystery for Arthur Gavshon's publishers, New English Library. Woolf's suggested Smith phone Cook to check publication date. He did. She said she'd be putting the complete text on the train this Monday (18 Feb) with every precaution, since all her mail has been arriving late and resealed (even her bank statement) this past fortnight. And of course the MoD police have been seeking the tapes of Gavshon's interview with Lord Lewin, and Gavshon has been resisting. Elementary?

Childish humour

Evidence has reached us — even though it isn't entirely helpful to the cause — that the Prime Minister does *have a sense of humour. Sorry. When she was in 'hospitality' drinking whisky after her recent Channel 4 interview, the discussion turned to whether politicians should claim performance fees for such programmes. On being told that Cecil Parkinson had insisted on one, and that it should be sent to a charity of his choice, the PM mused 'Oh, to the NSPCC I trust'.*

Ana Gram crowned (17)

A malapropistic prelate, laving the infant Alexander Patrick Greysteil Hore-Ruthven in the font some weeks after 26 November 1939, was heard to mutter 'I christen thee "Huger pick-axe hirer to rend all arty events" '. 'What?' demanded the scandalised godparents. 'Or' — the prelate tried again — 'axes like Thatcher, plundering every art'. Scattering more and more water, 'I, vain Thatcher's elderly art group rex', he tried, and again, 'Eh verily I execrate punk art grant holders', and again, quite desperate, 'H-hurry, excel, get reprieve — National T's dark'. And lo, the child grew up to be Lord Gowrie, Dismantler of the Heritage. Dialogue by Jan Morris of St Albans, Stuart Skyte of W5, Peter Anghelides of the Dept of Drama, Glasgow Univ, Les Leeds of Amersham, and John O'Bryne of Dublin. Everyone, contemplating Lord Gowrie, felt 'I grow older'. Peter Hall is absolutely senescent. Keep the broadsides coming for Michael Heseltine. After whom, if it would amuse you, as a last and crowning glory in this series, royalty: William Arthur Philip Louis, *rex futurus*.

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'Like lines of dog kennels'

The 'tiny breeze-block houses of only 27 square metres' stretch into the distance, wrote Anthony Robinson for the Financial Times *on Tuesday (19 February), 'like lines of large dog kennels.' Khayelitsha, near Capetown — site chosen by Botha — where Crossroads residents are supposed to go. Builders — Wimpey*

Telecom 'was warned of risk to coins'

ONE WOMAN and eight men were jailed on 2 February for their part in a multi million pound fraud at British Telecom's coin collecting centre in London, despite claims by a former Telecom employee that he warned senior management of loopholes in the collecting system two years ago,

Rick Fields, 54, a former British Telecom employee, claims he was sacked after warning Telecom's London South management of potential fiddles in the Croydon coin-collecting unit where he worked. Although he was only in the unit for three weeks before he was forcibly transferred, Fields claims he pointed out to management a number of key flaws in the work of the unit, which empties phone boxes in south London.

Individual van drivers, he alleges, could have stolen up to £400 per day without detection simply by claiming that particular phone boxes had jammed. Fields also complained about the dangers to Telecom employees of being in charge of so much money without adequate security safeguards: 'The next thing is someone is going to get shot. Each van has 30 money boxes worth £400 and no-one is going to come to your assistance.'

Despite his warnings, Fields was, he claims, summarily transferred and later sacked, on June 1982, for refusing to return to his old Telecom job as a night telephonist. He has now fought a two-year battle for reinstatement without success.

Police did uncover a phone coinbox fraud at Telecom's main counting centre, Wheatstone House, in Chiswick High Road, London where 17 Telecom employees were found guilty of stealing sums up to £14,000. One of the thieves put the real total at more than £2.6m.

The trial revealed an astonishing lack of security at the Telecom centre. Staff walked out nightly with up to £600 in 60p pieces stuffed in their pockets. One of those found guilty, Betty Austin, 51, from Thamesmead, admitted to having £4000 in the safe in her kitchen, £3000 in a Spanish bank account, and to having lent £5000 to a friend in Benidorm.

Even the trial judge, Judge Kenneth Rubin, concluded at Kingston Crown Court that the fraud was far wider than those charged: 'I am certain the total stolen exceeds the amounts admitted here. Accordingly there must have been others involved in the thefts in a big way'. And a police officer during the trial claimed the fraud could have been as high as £5 million.

Kevin Toolis

Hunger strike

THE SCOTTISH Home and Health Department has confirmed that Scottish prisoner Mick McCallum has gone on hunger strike. McCallum started refusing food on 21 January. In a letter from Barlinnie, McCallum says that he is demanding: an independent public inquiry into deaths and injuries in Scottish prisons; protection from 'attempts' by the prison authorities to 'punish him' for 'exposing so many abuses'; an end to 'censorship and interference with prisoners' correspondence'; an end to closed visits in Scottish prisons.

Dave Godwin of Scottish Council for Civil Liberties says that the case for an independent public inquiry into prison deaths has been 'overwhelmingly established'. Goodwin claims that Scottish prisoners are 30 times more likely to die than the population as a whole and that the level of 'self-killing' is 60 times higher than for the general population. The SCCL is calling for a public inquiry.

A spokesperson for SPSC says that McCallum's hunger strike reflects serious 'abuses throughout Scottish prisons' which have led to repeated disturbances in the prisons, particularly Peterhead. McCallum is serving six years for assault and robbery.

Terry O'Halloran

MINERS PICKETS ROLL CALL (7)

Total arrests to date*: 9,542

*from 14 March to 15 February, not including arrests of supporters on street collections, etc and covering England and Wales. (In Scotland, there had been 1,471 arrests up to 1 February 1985 — figures below refer to England and Wales only.)

IN THE COURTS

As of 12 February, 7,735 pickets had been charged and 5,106 cases had been heard in court by that date (66 per cent, a significant rise). The largest number of charges were for 'breach of the peace' (4,022 made under the Public Order Act and 205 under common law) followed by 'obstruction of the police' (1,659 cases).

The proportion of acquittals continues to rise. It's now reached a quarter (1,289) as against a fifth after the early cases had been heard. Of those found guilty, 145 have been jailed and 25 sent to detention centres. The highest sentence so far (five years) was recorded this month (see prison below). Of those found guilty, 2,424 were fined (64 per cent). Only six have received fines below £10 (all early on in the strike) and the median is about £82. A further 1,248 have been bound over.

PRISON

The most severe sentence of the strike so far was meted out at Chelmsford Crown Court last month when Terry French from the Kent Betteshanger colliery was sentenced to five years for causing grievous bodily harm to a policeman. The prosecution alleged that the policeman was punched to the ground, kicked in the head and had his face stamped on. Another miner, Christopher Tazey, was given three years youth custody as a result of the attack. The attack occurred at Wivenhoe, an Essex port. An earlier jury had failed to reach a verdict on the charge. One of the miners charged with murdering the South Wales taxi driver has been released on bail but the other two remain in custody.

Four miners were jailed for two years at Stoke on Trent Crown Court for a £65,000 arson attack on a coach company used by working miners. A fifth was given two years youth custody.

A judge sentencing four miners in Warwickshire to eight months jail — all but six weeks suspended — for affray said: 'I find this task so distasteful, I wish it could be taken away from me. All four of you are decent citizens.'

MINOR VICTORIES

The attack by three masked men who threw ammonia in the face of a pit baths attendant was completely bogus. Barry Newton received massive coverage in November when he staggered into a newsagent's shop clutching his face. It turned out the substance was paint stripper. A massive police investigation followed and Newton was fined £150 with £20 costs for wasting police time.

DEATHS

There have been two apparent suicides among striking miners in the past two months. A 23-year-old miner of Walmer, Kent died in his car from the effect of exhaust fumes and a 20-year-old of Merthyr Tydfil was found dead with an empty bottle of tablets beside him.

TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS

Arthur Scargill was fined £250 with £750 for obstruction at the Orgreave coke plant, South Yorkshire, in May. He has declined to appeal because he 'has no faith in the courts'.

Mansfield magistrates are refusing to identify themselves to defendants' lawyers. The chief clerk claims that this has been Mansfield bench policy for the past two years. In nearby Nottingham, miners' representatives have had difficulty in obtaining court clerks' notes for use in appeals. In one case, a clerk refused to provide his notes saying that they hadn't been taken verbatim and another claimed not to have made any notes.

Croydon magistrates ordered a miners' strike supporter to pay £400 costs for obstruction while collecting food. His fine was just £25.

Roy Wright, president of Yorkshire's Fryston pit, had charges of inciting people to cause grievous bodily harm to a working miner dropped at Pontefract magistrates court. He had spent several weeks in custody before being released on bail just before Xmas.

Mass picketing at five South Wales pits was banned by a High Court judge on 11 February. Mr Justice Scott granted an injunction to 19 working miners limiting the number of pickets at each pit to six. The following day, the judge made an identical order on 11 collieries in Yorkshire. The judge has even ordered the Yorkshire area of the NUM not to spend its funds on picketing by more than six people in Yorkshire or elsewhere. The injunction, which is temporary pending a full trial, is against 21 defendants including Arthur Scargill, Peter Heathfield and Mick McGahey.

The GLC Police Committee Support Unit has produced a leaflet on street collections in London, available from Room 602, County Hall, London SE1 7PB (01-633 5944). Further advice can be obtained from the National Council for Civil Liberties (01-403 3888). The Public Order Research Group is collecting details of harassment of street collectors (9 Poland Street, London W1 01-734 5831). Please send any information on police or court treatment of striking miners, their families, and supporters to **Miners Pickets Roll Call**, at the **New Statesman.**

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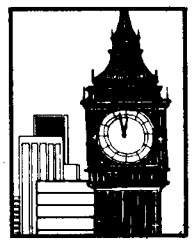

PETER KELLNER

The Belgrano: is anybody out there listening?

WHEN MICHAEL HESELTINE first became embroiled in the Belgrano scandal, he is said to have expressed the hope that it would not become this government's Watergate. Last Monday, he gave an excellent impression of Richard Nixon, circa May 1973.

Let me explain. Watergate had four phases: first, the break-in by low level operatives to steal the Democrats' 1972 presidential election campaign plans. Second, the parallel but lonely efforts by the courts and the *Washington Post* to unravel the truth about what lay behind the break-in. During this stage Nixon shrugged the whole matter off and few people seemed to blame him.

Third, Nixon's credibility came under attack from a number of US Congressmen and a variety of newspaper and television reporters. During this stage, Nixon became vulnerable to criticism from what might be termed the journo-political community, or the 'talking classes', but the issue had still failed to seize the American public's imagination. The arguments were convoluted, the details arcane and, anyway, what did it matter if Nixon's chaps did go a bit far in finding out what their opponents were up to?

It was only the fourth stage at which Nixon's hold on his office became untenable: when the public at large was shown compelling, easily understood evidence that their President was a crook, who had done something wrong and lied about it afterwards.

This sequence of events is worth recalling when we try to put the unravelling of the Belgrano scandal into perspective. In retrospect Nixon's nemesis appears to have been inevitable. But if he had contained the scandal at stage two or stage three he might well have survived. So to say that Heseltine looked like Nixon in the early stages of the Watergate saga is not just a commentary on his repulsive, if effective, performance in Monday's debate; it is also an observation on how far removed the Belgrano issue remains from the everyday concerns of most electors about the competence of the government.

It is as if there are two completely different political worlds now spinning on their respective axes. One is the world of textual analysis of precisely what Clive Ponting wrote, when, why and to whom at different times last year, and the details of the decision to prosecute him; the other is the world of a bemused public, looking on in bewildered fashion at MPs and journalists sharing some strange obsession.

After all, one of the differences between Watergate and the Belgrano is that the Watergate break-in was an unambiguously criminal act, whereas most Britons today do not think that the sinking of the *Belgrano* was intrinsically wrong. On Monday night not one MP — not even Tam Dalyell or Tony Benn — was prepared to vote against the government motion that approved the sinking as 'a necessary and legitimate action in the Falklands campaign'.

Just so, we are told by Neil Kinnock, Denzil Davies and Gerald Kaufman, but that is not the issue: the point is whether ministers have misled MPs. If they have been fibbing, then that is a grave matter. And so it is — if you are a politician or a journalist or a committed reader of the *New Statesman*. But if that grave matter is to get you anywhere, you must make sure ministers are so tied down by this particular issue that they are allowed no diversionary tactics or means of escape; moreover, you must present the core argument clearly, repeatedly and with simply understood and incontrovertible evidence.

PART OF LABOUR's difficulty is illustrated by the behaviour of the *Daily Mail* at the beginning of this week. On Monday its main front-page story was headlined. 'Belgrano: "Navy was at peril"'. The story underneath began:

> The Argentine cruiser Belgrano was much closer and more of a danger to British warships than has been admitted, a defence expert said last night.

This 'defence expert' turned out to be a less than neutral commentator. It was Michael Mates, a back-bench Tory MP and occasional sparring partner for Tam Dalyell. Now at one level, Mates appeared to be providing a yet further example of ministerial cover-up. The government had repeatedly stated that the nearest British ships were 200 miles away from the *Belgrano* at the time of the sinking. Now Mates was contradicting this.

However, the purpose of Mates's revelation, and its splash treatment by the *Daily Mail* was to embarrass not the government but the opposition and, more importantly, to keep public attention firmly on the question of whether it was right or wrong to sink the *Belgrano*. The underlying message of the *Mail* story was clear: there's more than meets the eye to this Belgrano business, and all that those doubting Thomases on the opposition benches are up to is mischief.

What then happened was that Mates repeated his point during Monday's debate, whereupon Heseltine stood up to intervene: 'We have examined this again. It was not the case.' The nearest British ships, Heseltine said, were 260 miles away. So who was right — Mates of Heseltine? What were we to make of this row *between Tories* about the precise circumstances in which the *Belgrano* was sunk? Well, according to Tuesday's *Mail*, not a lot; in fact, nothing. Not a word of this Commons exchange appeared; there was no reference in Tuesday's paper to the story that had been its lead the day before.

That, of course, is the point of diversionary tactics: they are not designed to be subject to continuous, detailed examination. Their purpose is to serve the day and to sow a little temporary confusion among the enemy and, when necessary, the public. The *Mail's* handling of the Mates story did just that.

Heseltine's speech generated an altogether higher order of confusion. His was in many ways a disgraceful speech: a selective, brutal character-assassination of a man whom the State had attempted and failed to imprison for disclosing the truth about dishonest ministers. It was also pretty ropey as a detailed account of Ponting's work last year.

Behind this noxious smokescreen Heseltine carefully avoided answering any of the questions that his critics had been asking: when did ministers first learn the truth about the sighting of the *Belgrano* and its direction when it was ordered to be sunk? Who was to blame for keeping ministers in the dark? Why, when they learned the truth, did ministers continue to mislead Parliament?

For, say, the typical *New Statesman* reader, these are pertinent questions, the truthful answers to which would demonstrate a mixture of incompetence and venality at the heart of government. But, sad to relate, most electors are not *New Statesman* readers. There are a great many people who could not care two figs about these questions.

It was to this wider audience that Heseltine addressed his remarks. When Tuesday morning's papers reported that his speech was a triumph, they were, in a way, right. Never mind textual analysis of its factual and logical flaws: it was carefully constructed, pungently written and firmly delivered. There was nothing artificial about the response of Tory backbenchers as they waved their order papers with glee at the end of the speech: they genuinely believed they had heard a convincing assault on the Opposition in general and Ponting in particular.

Oddly, a parallel point may be made about Neil Kinnock's tactics following Ponting's acquittal. I cannot say I have been wholly convinced by the merits of his blow-by-blow correspondence with the Prime Minister, but he is counting on the wider public retaining the general impression of a party leader standing up to Thatcher and forcing her to throw a silly tantrum. His staff take great comfort from the fact that he has had more letters on his post-Ponting offensive than he has received on any other issue since he became leader; and almost all the letters support him. But postbags are notoriously unreliable indicators of the public mood. The truth is that after ten days of the most extravagant Westminster pyrotechnics, no politician and no journalist yet knows what the electorate out there makes of it all. □

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NICE WORK IF YOU CAN GET IT

Lord Weinstock announced last week that GEC was joining those around the honeypot of shipyard privatisation — a £30 million bid for Yarrow. But the only profitable yards are those working on 'cost plus' contracts for the Royal Navy. The civilian yards will just be allowed to go to the wall. Martin Spence reports. Haydn Shaughnessy looks at the defence link

COMPARED WITH the multi-million pound razzmatazz with which the government sold off British Telecom, the privatisation of Britain's shipbuilding industry is being handled with a silence verging on secrecy. What is currently up for sale is just the Warships Division: Brooke Marine, Cammell Laird, Hall Russell, Swan Hunter, Vickers, Thorneycroft and Yarrow yards, the once great names of the past.

Brief but colourful prospectuses of the yards were issued to interested parties last December. Firm bids for Hall Russell and Yarrow were to be in 21 January, but this deadline was extended to last Friday — 15 February. The prospectus warned buyers that they should not 'copy, reproduce or distribute to others this memorandum without the prior consent of British Shipbuilders.' Lazard Brothers, who are handling the sale, British Shipbuilders (BS) and the government have no desire to incite public interest in the fate of the industry. For, on current thinking, it hangs on the source of public money which the government is most loathe to cut — defence contracts.

Nationalisation only came to shipbuilding and its associated industries, ship repair and marine engineering, seven and a half years ago. When BS was established in 1977 it was partly because many shipyard workers believed in it, had campaigned for it, and wanted to make it work. It was also because the industry was on its last legs. Without nationalisation, shipbuilding might now be dead.

But most of BS's life has been under a hostile Tory administration, which called repeatedly for the industry to be 'profitable', although this failed to recognise the reality of the world shipbuilding market, and the policies pursued by every successful shipbuilding nation. In Japan, government and industry meet each year to draw up a plan for shipbuilding under the auspices of the Ministry of International Trade and Industry. In South Korea, the government has instructed private capital to invest in shipbuilding as a 'patriotic duty'. They recognise the strategic value of shipbuilding for the economy as a whole. The British government, in contrast, is interested only in preserving the warship yards. They can be sold off as 'profitable' because they are virtually guaranteed government orders.

Swan Hunter on the Tyne is a composite group of four yards. Described as 'the flower of British Shipbuilders' by former chairman Sir Robert Atkinson, it could be a 'profitable' operation, in the most limited sense, but only after considerable reorganisation. It has regularly lost money in recent years because the losses from its merchant shipbuilding have outweighed its profits from warship work. The privatisation strategy is to reduce capacity from four yards to two and reduce the workforce.

Current work in hand is exclusively naval and the announcement in January that the company has won orders for a Type 22 and a Type 23 frigate confirm the trend. At Swan Hunter, privatisation is being used to destroy merchant shipbuilding capacity and create a company which will exclusively build warships. The other order for a Type 22 frigate went to Cammell Laird, rather than the profitable Vosper Thorneycroft, because, despite Cammell Laird's industrial 'troubles', government wants to keep it open as a warship yard too.

NATIONALISATION brought the workers of the Northeast a new job security and dignity. Now they fear that privatisation will mean a return to casual labour that once characterised the industry. Andy Murray of the Confederation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Unions, remembers:

> Go back to the 1950s; standing in the market, half past seven in the morning, when a foreman came up and said 'Well OK, I want two men', you know, and two men he picked and the rest were sent home. It meant being finished on a 24 hour notice basis, that when a ship hit the water **the little white slips came around with 'Your services are no longer required.'**

They have reason to fear. BS sold off its loss-making ship repair operations in 1983 and 1984. On the Tyne, facilities were bought up in one case by ex-BS managers (Tyne Shiprepair) (see *NS* 27 April 1984) and in another by workers made redundant (Readheads). Both businesses are now presented as major success stories and Readheads has been lauded by Tory ministers Tebbit and Lamont. Tyne Shiprepair has been besieged with orders, helped by the favourable buy-out terms from BS and the government's naval contracts.

But there has also been a major reorganisation in working practices, with an increasing use of short-term contracts. Tyne Shiprepair has

The Ministry of Defence Connection

OF THE SEVEN shipyards which are curently being sold, three rely solely on Ministry of Defence (MoD) work (Yarrow, Vickers and Hall Russell), although they are also looking for export orders. The other four yards depend almost exclusively on MoD orders.

This means the government is under contradictory pressures. It wants to sell off the most profitable yards but at the same time it wants to make savings on the defence budget which is what keeps the yards in business. The MoD will come under even greater pressure to cut costs now that the government has dropped its NATO commitment to annual expansion in real terms. Over the past 15 years the cost of a warship has trebled in real terms, and every big project the Navy embarks on suffers huge cost overruns.

Profits on most defence contracts are calculated by a technical formula designed to ensure a real rate of return of about 6 per cent, which was cut from about 11 per cent a year ago. Yet, even at half the profit, yards would rather build ships for the Navy than take their chances on the uncertain world market.

That the warship yards survive only because of their monopoly supply to the Ministry is illustrated by Vickers of Barrow. It is the only submarine manufacturer in the country, but its only commercial venture of any significance — the 2400-series submarine — has been a disappointing failure. The submarine attracted no overseas buyers, a fact which automatically increases its cost to the MoD.

But a buyer for the Vickers yard will not be hard to find. The company would be inheriting a monopoly of submarine production at the time that the Trident submarine project begins to take off and in the wake of the Navy being returned to its former standing, thanks to its role in the Falklands war. It is inconceivable that the government will sell any of the yards without a nod and a wink that the orders will keep coming, which explains why the yards are being sold by private bidding rather than a public flotation like British Telecom. A public flotation would require a proper statutory prospectus, which would have to declare government guarantees of this kind.

For this reason the most likely buyers to emerge are the present management, who know the MoD well, or the pre-nationalisation owners, who also know the system. They of all people will know that despite huge losses — British Shipbuilders latest annual report shows a loss of £232m for 1984, up from £127m in '83 — the warship yards are assured of a future. Since 1977 the percentage of the workforce employed in BS naval yards has risen from 30.2 to 53.4 in 1984, while the percentage of workers involved in merchant shipbuilding dropped from 44.3 to 27.8 in the same period, reflecting the shift in focus in the industry.

The early signs are that in terms of the people managing the industry, very little is likely to change with privatisation. Three senior BS executives have already expressed their interest in **Swan Hunter, which could result in a management buy-out akin to Tyne Shiprepair.** The warship yards sale achieved some publicity by default when it was reported in January that former Tory minister Ian Sproat was interested in the Aberdeen Hall Russell yard. And this week it was disclosed that Lord Weinstock's General Electric Company, which has strong interests in defence, with subsidiaries such as Marconi, is bidding for Yarrow. □

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John Sturrock/Report

Shipbuilding on Tyneside: now the cranes will only work for the MoD

reduced its workforce from 3,300 in 1977 to 500 full-time and 400 on short-term contracts. Readheads has *all* its workers on short-term agreements. For the workers this means chronic insecurity with a constant shuttle between snatches of work and periods on the dole. Yet the reintroduction of casual labour is openly held up as a shining example of the industry's new 'realism' and flexibility. Readheads managing director Jack Richardson said:

> (The men) have no guarantee, the guarantee of work is that they are employed for the minimum of a week . . . If they have been with us less than a month they get 24 hours notice, more than a month they get one week's notice . . . Yes we are setting the clock back to the hire-and-fire, the situation of 20 or 30 years ago, but its because of the market.

Management has also forced through changes in warship practises in shipbuilding yards, so that popular images of the industry are now quite misleading. There has been no major demarcation dispute for a decade. Wage restraint has been exercised to the point that shipyard workers have slipped from fourth to 20th in the national wages league and even skilled workers are eligible for free school meals and rent rebates. When the *Atlantic Conveyor*, replacing the ship lost in the Falklands, was recently finished by Swan Hunter, it meant 180 men working over the Christmas break.

BS has cut 41,000 jobs nationally since 1977, 15,000 of them in Tyne and Wear. Yet the shipyard unions have accepted all this so that Maurice Phelps, BS Board member for personnel, could boast of closing 11 yards and cutting the workforce in half 'with little industrial conflict.'

The unions have made these concessions on the — perhaps naive — understanding that nationalisation was a bargain with the government. They were prepared to pay a high price in return for the survival of the industry. Yet neither the government nor British BS regards itself as bound by any bargain.

At Swan Hunter, for example, they have played cat and mouse with the workers. Last November the government announced that redundancy rights, under the Shipbuilding Redundancy Payments Scheme, would not continue after privatisation. BS then confirmed there would be 2,100 redundancies at Swan Hunter.

Five days later, the Department of Employment and the Manpower Services Commission announced that they were setting up Job Centres *inside* the four yards to 'advise' workers on redundancy — meaning to encourage them to go voluntarily. By mid-December, the 2,100 places were oversubscribed.

THE YEARS of cutback, closure and falling wages have created a sense of demoralisation and fatalism in the yards. Together with the enticement to take voluntary redundancy, this was calculated to ease the yards into privatisation.

However, since late last Autumn, workers have been showing signs of resisting the passive role intended for them. In October an anti-privatisation committee was set up at Swan Hunter, bringing in all sections of the workforce, skilled and unskilled, hourly-paid and staff. Later the same month a ballot of all the unions gave the shop stewards a clear 72 per cent mandate to fight privatisation and compulsory redundancies.

Management pressed on with their drive against union organisation. In January they announced their intention to discipline trade union convener Bob Welford for 'gross misconduct', a sackable offence, after comments Welford made during a radio interview outside working hours. Three days later on 14 January management mothballed one of Swan Hunter's four yards at Hebburn.

Management were by now riding high. But the workers downed tools for a day on 16 January and many attended a mass rally in Wallsend to protest against the victimisation of Welford and the planned closure. Striking miners from Northumberland and a delegation from Newcastle Trades Council joined them. Welford attended the rally — to a hero's welcome — and boycotted his disciplinary hearing scheduled for that day.

Yet, it is by no means certain that a long term strategy can be found to resist privatisation and further erosion of the workforce. Some of the older shop stewards at Swan Hunter know that the concessions made in the past have consistently been used against them. Jimmy Mulhern of the EETPU (electricians' union) in Neptune Yard remembers:

> That's what they keep saying to us. 'Be nice boys, be good boys'. We've seen it happen too often. But if you are that kind of person where you play along with management . . . then what do they do? They get their old cronies in and say 'You buy it, we've made it for you, you can do as you like.' And we are not going to let that happen to our industry.

Swan Hunter now regularly takes on young workers — the average age there is mid-30s. Some think that their youth means they are relatively uncommitted to the industry, don't remember 'the bad old days' of casual labour, short-term contracts and uncertain income and are therefore unlikely to resist privatisation. But then, that's what they used to say about young miners. □

The workers' comments and the issues raised in this article have been taken from The Shipyard Tapes, *two videotapes produced by Northern Newsreel for Tyne & Wear County Council's 'Save our Shipyards' Campaign. C/o Northern Film & Television Archive, 36 Bottle Bank, Gateshead NE8 2AR. Tel (0632) 773601.*

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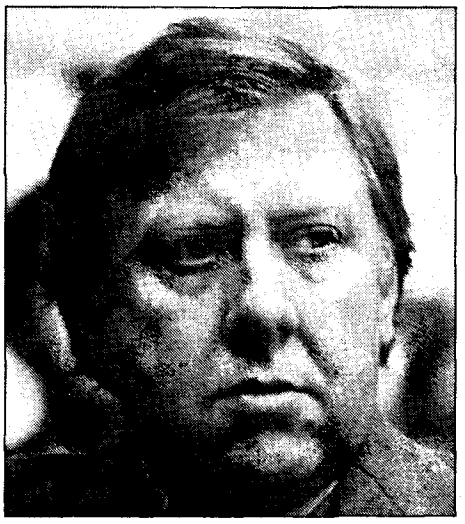
EXCHANGE CONTROL

INVESTING IN BRITAIN



In January, Shadow Chancellor Roy Hattersley (above) proposed a new form of exchange control in a speech to Teesside Fabians in Middlesbrough. In the New Statesman *on 1 and 8 February, Hugh Stephenson commented critically on the scheme. Here Roy Hattersley responds to that criticism*

AT LEAST Hugh Stephenson and I agree on one fundamental proposition. I said in my speech that 'for economic growth to be both substantial and sustained it is necessary for the next Labour government to have at its disposal substantial sums which it can invest directly in British industry'. In the second of the two articles, Mr Stephenson tells his readers that, 'the problem has to be faced squarely. A future Labour government *will* need substatial sums to be invested directly in British industry and they will have to be found by either borrowing or taxation'.

The disagreement between us concerns how the money is to be raised. Mr Stephenson favours orthodox borrowing and a reliance on the gilt edge market which he describes as being so 'inefficient' that 'at one price the government is often unable to sell any gilts at all, but a day later at a price only a fraction higher the government broker can sell £1 billion by the mid-morning coffee break'. I have been a member of a Cabinet which depended from day to day on such 'inefficiency'. I prefer the certainty that comes from a system of tax incentives which ensures that a proportion of institutional investment is lodged in the National Investment Bank.

Mr Stephenson seems to object *in principle* to what he describes as a 'forced loan' — even though he seems to understand that investment managers will be perfectly free to take the high tax option and invest abroad and that those who choose to locate their funds in Britain will buy NIB stock which is priced at market rates, carries no stamp duty and is guaranteed by the Bank of England to trade alongside gilts with equal liquidity.

I can only assert my own belief that if such a scheme is beneficial to the economic health of Great Britain there can be no more objections to tax incentives to invest in Britain than there are to tax incentives to retain rather than to distribute profits. Mr Stephenson does not begin to construct a rational refutation of my argument that such a scheme would be a wholly beneficial way of financing the additional investment which we need.

I think that Mr Stephenson understands that I have no intention of prohibiting or deflecting direct overseas investment. What I do not understand is what sort of point he thinks he is scoring by announcing 'that the overwhelming bulk of institutional savings don't go into new jobs anywhere'. That is absolutely true. The NUM — much against its will — is party to its pension funds investing in the Washington Watergate Complex. And if the exported capital were simply repatriated without any prescribed destination there would be, as I said in my speech, very real risk of these substantial sums being lost on the Stock Market or used for the purchase and re-purchase of City properties'. But it is the most elementary of logical errors to assert that as the funds 'don't go into jobs' now, they cannot be used to create jobs in the future. One of the intentions of channelling a proportion of institutional investment into the NIB is to make sure that the switch takes place.

The central criticism that Mr Stephenson (rather obliquely) advances is that 'if the investment institutions were very unhappy about the amount of money they were being forced to put into the new NIB . . . they would put less into conventional government debt.' A central assault which begins with 'if' and contains the qualification 'very' lacks force. But putting these deficiencies aside we are still not provided with any evidence to substantiate the fears of crowding out. The NIB stock will amount to a small percentage of total portfolios. It will be a highly attractive investment. If the tax deterrent works (and Mr Stephenson accepts that it will) one possible outlet will have been shut off.

In any case Mr Stephenson applauds my promise that a 'future Labour government will be far more rational about the public Sector Borrowing Requirement than the Conservatives have been' and urges us not to be ashamed 'of borrowing to finance worthwhile long-term capital investment.' Why on earth should there be an endless supply of money for gilts, if, as Mr Stephenson suggests, institutional investors would go on strike were they encouraged to take up 'a security which' — according to Mr Stephenson — 'is indistinguishable from the rest of government debt' — apart, that is, from the tax advantages which it carries?

SINCE THE SCHEME was announced, two other criticisms have emerged — both of them in my view misconceived. But I welcome the opportunity of answering each one. The fact that there will be unacceptable penalties incurred by the Third World if overseas investment is reduced — is honourable but misguided. There is very little institutional portfolio investment in the Third World.

The second objection is an amalgamation of John Stuart Mill philosophy and Chartered Accountant psychology — the private investors will always make the decisions which are to the best advantage of their members and they should be given the right to maximise the return to their pension or insurance funds. If private investors had a proven record of directing funds into the most beneficial investment, the whole history of the British economy would have been different. Too often decisions are made on the basis of convention or convenience.

Of course, it will be easy for individual investment managers to point to specific items in their portfolios which show a marginally higher return than that which they will receive from their NIB holdings. My scheme is intended to deflect the investment destination of 10 per cent of any portfolio — at most. If the return on that 10 per cent is one percentage point below the interest it might enjoy in New York or Frankfurt, the overall reduction in annual income will be negligible. In any event, pension fund recipients, insurance policy holders and unit trust investors have interests in the economy which go wider than the odd pence which might be added to their income. They, too, will benefit from living in an expanding economy with high levels of investment and output and ought to welcome any scheme which brings such a condition about.

Especially so if the scheme provides the special extra bonus which my exchange rate formula provides. Mr Stephenson overstates the benefit by saying that 'the only effective function of exchange controls . . . is to influence the *rate of exchange*' (the italics are his and beyond my comprehension). But with the pound sinking to dollar parity, no one should underestimate the advantages of a mechanism that, without providing day to day control, will still influence the pound's external value.

If Mr Stephenson believes in a dirty float — as distinct from allowing the pound to float entirely free — he ought to welcome the invention of a technique for influencing exchange rates. If he has a better scheme, he has not revealed it to us. Perhaps he genuinely believes that a mechanism for influencing the exchange rate is no longer 'operationally important'. But such a view takes faith in the free market beyond even the confidence so disastrously displayed by Nigel Lawson.

Finally, Hugh Stephenson doubts a future Labour government's resolution — citing in evidence the failure to abolish the charitable status of public schools. Previous Labour governments have sometimes failed to challenge the City of London and often have been mortally damaged by it. We must protect ourselves from such damage in 1987.

Without my scheme, there is no doubt how the City of London will behave when a Labour government is in prospect. Long before polling day, the institutional investors, motivated by prejudice not by judgement, will begin to move their money out of Britain with immensely adverse consequences for investment and the exchange rate. My scheme is the only way — so far proposed — to stop that happening.

I do not want the next Labour government to be prejudiced by such events. Having learnt the lesson of the 1970s, I am prepared to take the action necessary to make sure that history does not repeat itself. □

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TOWN HALL TROUBLES

Liverpool's socialist Council has been reviled for its radicalism. But it's not its militancy which is causing growing unease among Labour supporters reports Ian Williams

IN JULY 1983, the Labour Party in Liverpool was riding high against the national trend with gains in both the general and local elections. This was more than voter dissent with the previous Liberal Council and the present Tory government. There was welcome for a party that would institute a fightback against attempted 'urbicide' by central government. The biggest council house building programme, thousands of new jobs, testified to Labour determination as civic pride and socialism together defeated Patrick Jenkin.

Though not as big a victory for socialism as the deputy labour leader, Derek Hatton, and his comrades proclaimed, in a year of defeat for the Labour movement *any* victory was both memorable and heartening — and a telling rebuff to front bench faint-hearts who opposed 'provocation' by Labour Councils. Militant supporters everywhere clamoured for the 'Liverpool' strategy, presenting the declining seaport as a Petrograd lookalike.

Now the euphoria has evaporated and many party members are unhappy about prospects in the next City elections. Leader John Hamilton refers to 'a succession of troubles which have sullied the image' of the Party, calling for a recognition and treatment of faults if the Labour Party is to win.

A disturbing omen back in November was the catastrophic result in the Arundel Ward by-election, just after the 'Samson Bond Affair'. The row about the appointment of a Head of the Race Relations Unit, whose main qualification was popularly seen as support by Militant, followed other disturbing allegations about jobs for the boys. The official Liberal candidate won the seat from Labour with a majority of 600, despite a split Liberal vote and a strong Labour campaign.

Disturbing news reports had enabled the Liberals to return to the offensive with Derek Hatton as prime target. Labour had abolished the Lord Mayor's position to save money. Why was there now an extra car in the pool, and who appointed the extra chauffeur? Contributing to an image of a less than Spartan lifestyle was the accusation in Council by Sir Trevor Jones, the Liberal leader, that his expenses were among the highest in the country. The District Auditor investigated and found that Hatton's expenses were quite acceptable.

The *Liverpool Echo* headlined the concentration of power in the hands of a few councillors, notably Hatton as chair of Personnel. It also revealed Labour's close ties with the union GMBATU, which had been given the right to fill at least 50 per cent, and in some areas 100 per cent, of job vacancies from a list of unemployed union members, which few knew existed. Amidst accusations of 'jobs for the boys', it published allegations that union branches which had Militant support were getting best use of this facility. A GMBATU officer has, however, pointed out that other unions operating closed shops in the private sector also exercise such rights and that, in the Liverpool Council case, the rights were open to other unions, if they wanted to use the facility.

The Bond appointment catalysed many Labour members' dissatisfactions. This month the dissatisfactions became a new willingness to challenge the official line when Asda, the chain of stores owned by the Associated Dairies group, attempted to plant a hypermarket in the Speke Enterprise Zone.

Liverpool Labour Party is opposed in principle to Enterprise Zones like the one in Speke on the former Standard Triumph site. Indeed *all* parties oppose retail developments there, because of the fatal effect of rate-free competition on existing stores. A few weeks ago the Press reported that Labour would support Asda's planning application. Leader of the Council John Hamilton, a quiet, unassuming, sincere and honest socialist, publically denied the rumours. The following day, 31 January, a Militant-influenced majority on the District Party Executive, decided in favour of Asda's hypermarket.

The supermarket trolley really started to career about the aisle as circumstances surrounding the deal became public. A month before, Hatton, who is a community worker with neighbouring Knowsley Council in between being Deputy Leader in Liverpool, had gone holidaying in Tangiers with an old friend. The friend was Knowsley councillor, Tony Beyga, convicted in 1983 of failing to declare an interest in various council matters. Formerly a GMBATU member and Assistant Caretaker for Liverpool Council, Beyga had recently become the Public Relations officer of Merseypride — the company which owns the proposed Asda site. It is a subsidiary of Spenser, a building firm which has many contracts with Knowsley Council.

It also emerged that there had been a series of meetings over nine months between Hatton and union officials, with Beyga present, about the development. The Leader, John Hamilton, was not informed, nor was the membership of the Labour Party, who had to find out about them from the *Liverpool Echo*.

On 7 February, the General Committee of the District Party which discussed the Executive's support was first confronted with an immediate Emergency Resolution which called for opposition to McCarthyism, witchhunts, Toryism, attacks on Comrade Hatton, Liberals, rate capping, the capitalist press, and so on. To oppose it in any way implied *support* for all those things. A classic Militant omnibus resolution, it posed the problem of how to get a passenger off the bus without stopping the lot.

In the debate about Asda, John Hamilton pointed out that not only was such a business development against long-standing Labour policy, but he had been that very afternoon to the Association of Metropolitan Authorities moving a resolution from Liverpool against such retail development in Enterprise Zones!

Even the sensitive subject of union nominations for jobs came up, as a supporter of the scheme boasted that Asda had granted job nomination rights — to GMBATU. Hatton claimed that the series of meetings between a labour councillor and union leaders were 'in the best traditions of the labour movement', but delegates thought that it was a tradition best extinct, and withdrew the party's support. It is a long time since a Militant-backed resolution had been defeated, and that so many councillors had gone against an EC decision. Finally, last Monday, the full council rejected the Asda plan.

IT IS CLEAR that, regardless of Liberal allegations of corruption, there was a prima facie case of political ineptitude in Hatton's choice of holiday companion, and a clearly cavalier attitude to party policy and democracy within Liverpool Labour Party in holding

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☐Strathclyde University formed a Heterosexual Decadence Club and collected 250 members in two days. Although the union refuses to recognise it as a bona fide society, Conservative students there are considering fighting student elections under its banner. They might do better that way than standing as Tories — *Daily Telegraph* (Rob Morrow)

☐Toilet paper is the latest item to be hit by education cuts. Schools in Harrow have been told that new rolls can only be supplied 'in an emergency.' — *The Teacher* (Margaret Nixon)

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meetings with businessmen to discuss thwarting party policy.

While the Race Relations appointment illustrated failures of style and principle inherent in a sectarian, centralist approach, the Asda affair has shown how a clique can transmute sordid expediency to revolutionary discipline, moving from nationalising two hundred monopolies to expediting the planning application for one, in a latter day synthesis of Town Hall closed doors and Trotskyite sloganeering.

Liverpool Labour Party had in interwar years been an unholy compromise between socialists and City Boss politics often based on the former Irish, later Catholic vote. It was not until after the war that Labour first won the city in the face of the large Orange-Lodge-inspired working-class Tory vote. Indeed the last Protestant Party Councillor was still serving in the 1970s.

Many inner-city Labour wards were 'rotten boroughs' for the Labour Right with few actual party members. In the '60s, the Left cut its teeth on the Housing Finance Act, refusing to increase council house rents and they were thrown off the Council's labour group as a result. Shortly afterwards came the Liberals, who swept out of the political desert and through the neglected inner city votebanks like a plague of electoral locusts, in the process clearing out many of the Labour right-wingers ensconced in the 'safe' seats.

An attempted right-wing coup against John Hamilton provoked retaliatory deselections against them, leaving the Left in control of the Council Group as well as the District Party, which from then on called the tune. All would-be council candidates are now asked if they are prepared to abide by DLP decisions. It was now radical Labour against an informal Liberal/Tory coalition — in which the Liberals got the collapsing Tory vote.

It was also the period which gave rise to Militant. The typical Liverpool Militant is not necessarily the callow youth of legend, reciting slogans to the Zen rhythm of one hand clapping. They are members of many years standing, like Broadgreen MP Terry Fields, commanding respect in their own right. In many wards they were significant in rebuilding

Derek Massey (both pics)

John Hamilton (left); Liverpool's titular head and Derek Hatton, the Prince Regent and fixer

Labour's organisation. Since they did not stand for offices, they were free from accusations of careerism.

But in the '70s some stood, successfully, for the council, helping frame the new, aggressively socialist style of campaigning which began to roll back the Liberals. By the time Hatton appeared on the scene, his rare ability to cope with the media and his unhackneyed volubility gave him a quick promotion through dour Militant ranks and thus the Council when Labour regained control.

His immaculate suits and penchant for the good life made him stand out from the austere style of older members. While others catch the bus and train, one of the council's car pool ferries him from home to meeting and back, even when the meeting is in London or Scotland.

But clearly he was sharp in more than his tailoring. While Hamilton was the titular Leader, Hatton was to be Prince Regent, the fixer and spokesman.

MILITANT supporters are not so much a majority as the largest coherent block, and so able to set the tone and dominate proceedings. One former councillor explains the form of control as: 'On Friday, the Big Three get together, and tell the Militant caucus on Saturday what the line is. On Sunday, this is enough to swing the Broad Left group, and by Monday the whole Labour Group is stitched up.' The Left won against the old city bosses by rigidly self-imposed discipline, which now seem to be delivering them to the new ones.

Apart from the boost the Tendency gets by taking sole credit for the Council's undoubted successes, there are other influential factors. The use of GMBATU's nomination rights for jobs has had the effect of many newly employed workers gratefully joining the Party. It is ironic that, having gone into dispute with the housing co-operatives on housing policy, and the Trades Council and Municipal Joint Shop Stewards' Committee over Samson Bond, not to mention USDAW and the Co-operative Party over Asda, the main support for the Militant Tendency should come from the far from revolutionary GMBATU.

John Hamilton's recent annual report calls for recognition of mistakes and failures in style, for councillors to set standards in their lifestyles 'which are beyond reproach', and a rejection of the 'Tory approach of filling positions with their lackeys'. But Militant Machismo, an inability to admit mistakes, means this will either be ignored — or, like any other criticism, treated as a frontal attack. Cromwell's appeal to 'Think it possible you may be mistaken', would be regarded as the onset of rot.

Yet most of Militant's strongest opponents resist expulsions and are Left enough to make Kinnock's hair curl. Their dissatisfaction is to do with a growing conviction that democracy is not to be conjured up by slogans and wordy resolutions. (A document on the Arts for the Liverpool party's policy conference said: 'The fact that Liverpool Labour Party have a policy proves that Art is part of our lives'. Resolution becomes reality!) Rather, it has to be fought for and so open 'Committed Socialist' slates are appearing for party elections.

The Labour Council's overall policy, and the rate-capping campaign are *not* under attack and indeed are demonstrably popular with voters — but the authoritarian style is clearly less so. Liverpool Labour has to realise that all potential support is not to be found, in a city of massive, deskilled, unemployment, in the official labour movement. DLP decisions are not binding on voters, who will demand Labour's style changes as the price of support. If the 'Petrograd' image is not to be superseded by 'Chicago' in John Hamilton's words, 'we have to look seriously and critically at the way we have alienated friends in the last few months'.

Liverpool Labour Party faces battles on rate-capping, the abolition of Merseyside County Council, as well as municipal elections. And for all the defiant slogans, cliquish methods appear to have weakened the resistance from Labour's natural constituency. The defeat of Militant over Asda may be the spur for reform in Liverpool's political strategy. □

Ian Williams is a member of Liverpool Labour Party.

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NUCLEAR SAFETY

UNHEALTHY EXPOSURE

Sylvia Collier reports on the men who decide what's safe

ON ALMOST every occasion when people have expressed fears about a nearby plant or activity emitting radiation, they have been reassured that the radiation level is well below the 'permitted' level. At the least, this absolves a government from responsibility for putting its citizens at risk.

Earlier this month the Australian Royal Commission investigating Britain's nuclear bomb tests of the 1950s heard evidence that these levels are ten times too lax (see *NS* 15 February). Reasons for possible laxity were put forward in a report commissioned by the environmental group Greenpeace*, which the Commission has been examining. The report claims to show how control over the way safety standards are decided has been for many years dominated by scientists with careers in the civil and military nuclear industry and in government regulatory organisations. It does not question their integrity but does suggest they have been drawn from far too narrow a circle of scientists.

The scientists sit on the International Commission on Radiological Protection (ICRP). Their recommendations on what radiation exposure is 'safe' are used internationally for setting limits for nuclear workers and the public. Membership of the ICRP is self-perpetuating. It has 13 members who every four years select who the members of the ICRP should be.

Since 1959, only 37 men have sat on the Commission. Most had previously served on one of its influential supporting committees. Within that small group, nine men, says the report, have been dominant. Five, who are not now on the ICRP, are named as Drs Newcombe and Stewart from Canada's atomic energy authority, Prof. Arthur Upton, an American pathologist, John Loutit, a previous Director of the Radiobiological Research Unit at the Atomic Energy Research Establishment at Harwell and J. Vennart from the Medical Research Council. Four who are currently on the ICRP are John Dunster, Director of the National Radiological Protection Board in Britain, formerly of the UK Atomic Energy Authority and head of Windscale's health physics group working on the discharge of liquid waste, Dr D. J. Beninson of the Argentinian Atomic Energy Commission, H. P. Jammet of the French atomic energy authority and Prof B. G. Lindell, Director of the Swedish Institute for Radiation Protection.

The ICRP's composition has long been criticised by scientists for being far too exclusive for its international and far-reaching role. The members are usually physicists or medical doctors, and there are very few biological or environmental scientists. Nearly 20 years ago the ICRP decided against tougher safety limits and said 'The commission believes that this level provides reasonable latitude for the expansion of atomic energy programmes in the foreseeable future.'

PROFESSOR Edward Radford of Pittsburgh University told the Australian Commission that the ICRP is seen as favouring the nuclear industry rather than the public. Professor Radford, who is working on Hiroshima bomb data, said:

> The problem with the ICRP has been that it is apparent in the last 15 years that considerations of government and industry attitudes towards radiation have weighed more and more importantly in the considerations they have been discussing. I consider some of the positions taken have the effect, whether conscious or not, to make it easier for the industry to carry on rather than what otherwise would be the case.

The limit of allowable radiation dose should be ten times stricter, said Professor Radford, a former chairman of the American National Academy of Sciences committee on the biological effect of ionising radiation.

Current safety levels are set at half a rem of radiation over one year for the public, and five rems for workers in the nuclear industry. They are based on the calculation that if one million people were exposed to one rem over a year 125 would die of cancer and 40 of genetic disorders. According to the ICRP, radiation rarely reaches the maximum safety level.

This is not accepted by the GMB, the union for the non-scientists in the nuclear industry, which has been lobbying to get the 'safe' level reduced. Professor Radford is one of a growing number of scientists who want the ICRP to include in their calculations the number of people who develop cancer but do not die of it. 'The average person is worried about getting cancer, not just dying of it' said Professor Radford in an interview. 'It can mean a lot of agony, cost, disfigurement.'

The ICRP has emphasised that 'unnecessary exposure should be avoided' and has accompanied its dose limits with advice that they should be kept as low as possible (1950); practicable (1958); readily achievable (1965) and As Low As Reasonably Achievable (1973), the ALARA principle in use today.

Individual scientists who do question conventions on nuclear safety are likely to be cold-shouldered, at best, by the nuclear establishment. For instance, the work of British scientist Alice Stewart was dismissed in the 1950s when her research showed that the children of women X-rayed during pregnancy were more likely to develop leukemia. Her conclusions were not officially recognised for 20 years, by which time she was studying the health of workers at the Hanford nuclear weapons establishment in the USA. Her study, showing a link between small amounts of radiation and cancer among the workers, has been bitterly attacked by the nuclear industry.

It is in fact a former ICRP chairman, Dr Karl Morgan, who said: 'There is no safe level of exposure and there is no dose of radiation so low that the risk of malignancy is zero'. That is not in itself an argument against the use of nuclear power in any form. It is an argument that all those exposed — workers and public — should be informed of the risks. □

**The Controversy over Low Dose Exposure to Ionising Radiation* by Patrick A. Green.

NUCLEAR INDUSTRY

DUNTERS IN THE LIONS' DEN

Rob Edwards reports on a move by environmentalists to persuade Dounreay nuclear workers that there are better jobs to be created

FOR THE FIRST time ever, the anti-nuclear power movement last Monday held a public meeting in Thurso, on the northern most coast of Scotland, at the heart of the most pro-nuclear power community in Britain. The results were extraordinary. Daniel must have felt more comfortable in the lions' den than Greenpeace and its allies felt in Thurso's packed town hall last week. Yet, behind all the furore, a crucial step was taken which could lay the basis for the direction of future anti-nuclear campaigns.

The meeting started with a full hall and between 20-30 annoyed people having to be turned away. Then after the showing of Yorkshire Television's prize winning documentary on childhood leukaemias around Sellafield in Cumbria the trouble began. The main cause of disruption was a group of senior nuclear industry scientists in the audience who dominated the meeting by barracking, interrupting and arrogantly demanding answers to a series of patronising and sometimes downright rude questions, then refusing to listen to the answers.

Many of them came from the 1950s 'Atoms for Peace' generation committed to finding a peaceful use for nuclear power after the devastation of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. They all worked just down the road at Dounreay, the large and lonely fast reactor research establishment in the county of Caithness. Their boisterous behaviour was difficult to justify in the light of last week's inept decision by Dounreay's missionary-like director, Clifford Blumfield, not to accept the offer of a platform at the meeting.

The depth of the scientists' anger and bitterness at the environmentalists who had dared to confront them on their home ground was revealing. It suggests that the anti-nuclear lobby is seen as a serious threat and that there is real anxiety over the whole future of Dounreay and the fast reactor programme.

The meeting was organised by an anti-nuclear group from Orkney called the Dunters, named after the Orcadian dialect for eider ducks. It was attended by representatives from Greenpeace, Cumbrians Opposed to a Radioactive Environment (CORE) and the Highland Anti-Nuclear Group (HANG). For the Dunters, the meeting was a chance to convey to the people of Caithness the concern of the people of Orkney from just across the Pentland firth about Dounreay's recently revealed expansion plans. But is also marked an important shift in the whole movement's thinking on campaigning strategy in the future.

Blumfield let slip at a press conference last September that he would like to see the

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construction of a new large-scale European plutonium re-processing plant at Dounreay. This would be part of Britain's contribution to West Europe's collaborative effort to develop the fast reactor. The resulting publicity sparked off controversy in Orkney and elsewhere, causing Blumfield and his colleagues to start back-pedalling.

The current official line is to stress that speculation on the siting of a plutonium re-processing plant at Dounreay is premature, as it depends on a decision by several European governments — a decision which is expected in a few months. Behind the scenes of course Dounreay is lobbying hard for the expansion, with the UK Atomic Authority exerting considerable pressure on the government. The Highland Regional Council, the local planning authority, has agreed to support the project. It is now widely recognised that after Sellafield and Sizewell one of the next targets for the environmental campaigners could be Dounreay.

The lobby for a re-processing centre on the very edge of Europe reflects the desperation engendered by pessimism over Dounreay's future. For years Caithness has been assuming that Britain's first large scale commercial fast reactor was just around the corner and would probably be sited at Dounreay. That prospect has now almost vanished.

European collaboration is likely to result in the next large scale fast reactor being built in France, the second in Germany and then perhaps the third in Britain — a possibility that is several decades away. The government has said that it does not envisage the construction of a commercial fast reactor in Britain until 'the earlier part of the next century'. Dounreay is casting round for something to do after its current research work winds down after perhaps ten or 20 years.

In the event, however, it may end up with more than it is bargaining for. Developments in the continuing saga of how to deal with Britain's nuclear waste are convincing environmentalists that Dounreay is being lined up as Britain's major nuclear waste dump. The abandonment of plans to dispose of medium-waste at Billingham in Cleveland and the current uncertainty over how or where to dispose of low-level waste both increase the likelihood of Dounreay being used for at least some of the 558,000 cubic metres of nuclear waste expected to have accumulated by the end of the century.

Last year planning permission was given for a £6 million plant at Dounreay to incorporate medium-level waste into concrete blocks and for a series of bore holes to test the feasibility of the Dounreay site for low-level waste. Major controversy has also surrounded plans by ENDSEC, an off-shoot of the Cluff Oil Company, to sink nuclear waste into the sea bed at Stormy Bank 16 miles west of Orkney.

Although this proposal is treated with some derision by senior staff at Dounreay, it is currently the subject of a government sponsored feasibility study. Caithness was the only place in Britain where test drilling for research into the disposal of high level waste has ever taken place (at Altnabreac in 1978). The acute political problems that the government and the industry have run into wherever nuclear waste research has been mentioned must make the selection of the politically sympathetic Caithness community very tempting.

The Caithness economy is dependent on the survival of Dounreay, the largest single local employer. About 2,300 people work there, creating as many as 1,000 more jobs indirectly — in total around a quarter of all those employed in Caithness and the neighbouring county of Sutherland. The adjoining naval reactor test station, HMS Vulcan, employs another 400 people.

That is why much of Monday's meeting was taken up by Dounreay workers angrily demanding to know what employment alternatives the environmentalists were offering ('we want jobs'). They were not impressed with the response that trade unionists, local authorities and environmental groups have to get together to devise an alternative plan for diversified and reliable employment.

The anti-nuclear movement made vital progress by venturing into the enemy's camp. A few tentative links were established between environmentalists and trade unionists and a handful of internal dissidents from Dounreay. A few internal divisions within the industry were exposed ('Windscale is a shambles — we all know that' said one insider). The meeting also enabled a few isolated local people to express their anxieties about Dounreay. But the anti-nuclear lobby still has a very long way to go before it will be welcomed in Caithness. □

Stefano Cagnoni/Report

OUT OF THE HAT

David Barnes, a student at Huddersfield Polytechnic, was the first subscriber to have his name pulled out when Hugh Stephenson (assisted by Cecilia Milton and Joan Scanlon of our Subscriptions Dept) picked the winners of the *New Statesman* prize draw last week. David is currently deciding between a four-week holiday for two travelling to Peking by way of Budapest and Moscow, or the slightly more relaxed three weeks in Cuba.

We're planning a similar draw for July. As before, all UK & Eire subscribers will be included. The planned prizes include a 10-speed sports bicycle and an 'instant wine cellar' including 150 bottles and worth over £300. If you're not a subscriber already and you want to participate, fill in the form on p.12 and return it to us. If your subscription runs out between now and July, be sure to renew it.

Other prizewinners from last week's draw were:
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A copy of 'Unwelcome Guerrilla', an anthology of George Orwell's writing in the *New Statesman*, to: R Ades, Kent; J Alam, Oxford; A Alexander, Norwich; R Armstrong, Surrey; R Ashwell, Suffolk; P Barnes, London E8; M Bates, Belfast; R Bloomfield, London SE7; J Bonner, Birmingham; T Burke, Yorks; P Campbell, London SW8; M Chambers, London WC2; K Chandler, Sheffield; S Coppock, London N10; E Curtis, London W2; K Darby, London SW11; A Davis, London SE21; J Davis London W3; M Dick, Teddington; N Dinshaw, London SW1; J Donachie, Glasgow; J Douglas, Leeds; L Edwards, Cardiff; E Eisenschitz, London N6; J Evans, London SW16; C Fallon, Wilts; E Fishwick, Hull; F Fitzgerald, Pickering; A Goodwin, Norwich; C Gough, London NW6; A Gray, Leeds; S Grayson, Surrey; V Gribbin, Hull; J Halsey, London W13; P Hartridge, Bristol; S Hastings, Leeds; D Hayers, London SE26; E Hoffa, Harrogate, C Holmes, London E8; G Hughes, Liverpool; G Hunt, Harrow; G Jha, Scunthorpe; C Kalla-Bishop, London NW11; P Kenway, Kent; C Kerr, London N6; M King, Bradford; C Laing, London SW16; M Cane, Nottingham; S Lawn, York; J Lewis, London SW14; W Lewis, Preston; R Lister, London WC2; Mr & Mrs Mackinnon, Essex; E McNeill, Leicester; R Mann, Herts; R Marcus, Sheffield; F Milford, Hants; P Morris, Essex; B Nasson, London NW6; R Naylor, Wilts; Sir & Lady O'Brien, London W8; A O'Connell, London W13; P Okojii, Manchester; G Owen, Newcastle; K Patch, Aberdeen; M Patel, London NW2; A Potts, Edinburgh; N Powneby, Northumberland; R Randall, Cambridge; A Regan, Derby; J Reynolds, Hillingdon; D Ridgeway, Kent; L Rosen, Leeds; R Scott, Chester; P B Senior, Leeds; M Shomroni, London NW6; J Shulman, London NW11; D Shuttleworth, Surrey; B Smith, Reading; T Smith, London WC1; E Smyth, Dublin; J Spencer, Manchester; T Stewart, Glasgow; J Sutcliffe, Essex; H Sutherland, London E9; R Tagart, Sussex; J Tee, York; W Telfer, Dumfries; M Tso, Manchester; H Upward, IOW; N Vincent, London NW3; A Wade, London SW6; W Weston, Nottingham; R Whitmore, Wilts; M Williams, Norwich; M Willis, London E13; R Wilson, Berks; H Winslow, Glasgow; M Yates, Cornwall; R Young, London SE6.

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3 OUT OF 10 FOR MCCOWAN

Bernard Crick argues against the Ponting judge for a better distinction between 'Government' and 'State'

IF ONLY we still had a taste on the Left for patriotic festivals. When Tocqueville attended a Democratic Party dinner at Syracuse in upper New York State in 1831, 45 toasts were moved and drunk. With facetious reverence they still celebrated the refusal of a London jury in 1763 to convict John Wilkes for publishing, in No 45 of his *North Briton*, a 'seditious libel' (he was very, very rude to George III and his mother) — despite the direction of a judge. What symbol should we use to celebrate the ever memorable 'Ponting's Day'? The 'Glorious 11th of February'? But we Brits are bad at dates.

Why not the happy heading of your own editorial last week, '3 out of 10 for McCowan'? Well just '3 out of 10' will do, for who will remember his name but we are all grimly aware, in this examination ridden society, that '3 out of 10' is below a GCE pass mark.

Actually, as a former chief examiner for an 'A' level, while I agree that any pupil who cannot 'distinguish between State and Government' (a weary old chestnut) deserves to fail, I think your mark is a *bit* harsh, for marking out of ten can lead to statistical regression. Taking Mr Justice McCowan's answer as a whole, and not marking down savagely for that one awful piece of conceptual confusion or autocratic fervour, I would have given 36 per cent, which is certainly a Fail, but a high Fail. One must be fair. The 'performance criterion' for 36-39 that I gave my examiners was: 'A little clear learning, but either too thin or full of error and insufficiently related to the question to pass.'

As everyone recognises, the key to the question is the meaning of the word 'State' in Section 2 of the Official Secrets Act. The Act allows that information can properly be given to 'a person to whom it is in the interests of the State his duty to communicate'.

Mr Justice McCowan's script says that 'the interests of the State' could only be construed as meaning what the government thought them to be. Otherwise, he said to counsel in the absence of the jury as they argued the point of law, 'The jury will have to have a political debate, won't they?'

Leave aside whether this was the only alternative for the jury (they might like 'O' level kids have wrestled to distinguish 'State' and 'Government', even as a matter of English usage); and whether had they held a 'political debate', it would have been — in a civilisation that has tried to see its cultural roots in Athens of the 5th century, in republican Rome and in the Free Cities of medieval Europe — the end of the world. Leave all that, alas, aside.

Consider his construction of the law.

> Only one ingredient of the charge is in dispute — whether what Ponting did was 'his duty in the interests of the State'. Duty, I direct you, means an official duty . . . the prosecution say, where was there a scintilla of evidence it was his official duty? . . . I direct you this means 'the policies of the State' as they were in July 1984, and not the policies of the State as Ponting, Tam Dalyell, you or I think they ought to have been. . . . The policies of the State were the policies of the Government then in power.

Then why did the Official Secrets Act invoke the concept of the 'State' at all? Why did it not say, as so many statutes have, 'if the Minister has reasonable cause', which judges have ruled (notably in *Liversidge v Anderson* [1942]) cannot involve questioning his reason or his reasons, only establishing that he decided on reasons?

Presumably even at the heart of the great 'catch-all' clause there was a civilised doubt, a humane or learned recognition, deep in our political culture, that governments can act against the interests of 'the State' and should be defied.

Perhaps the original draftsmen were wise enough to see that it is very hard to spell out the circumstances, very hard to define 'State' and 'Government' even. They have to be a matter of *public debate*: sometimes by Parliament, sometimes by public opinion at large, sometimes by a jury. Precise definitions are not the primary issue. Each precise definition of the terms will, of course, itself involve taking a political position. The primary issue is simply to recognise that the two terms are not synonomous, except in autocracy.

'L'Etat c'est moi', said Louis XIV. But he had to make such a claim: it was not a tautology. Wiser heads shook and mocked, for it flew in the face not merely of political tradition, but the new concept of 'the State' which was being invoked as a symbol of loyalty precisely to stress that there was a corporate entity, the State, whose claims even overrode dynastic loyalty. 'Open in the name of the State!' was a more powerful charge even than 'Open in the name of the King'.

But, like all concepts of power, it had two faces: to act and to constrain. 'The State' overrode traditional and feudal rights of subjects and corporations, but it also limited the allegiance owed to an individual. When the king or prince acted for the safety of the State, his command could override all law; but if his actions endangered public order then (Thomas Hobbes made the classic argument) allegiance ceased.

THAT WAS the tough-minded view of 'the State'. Restraints on such monarchs were, of course, notoriously hard to institutionalise. But a more tender-minded view of the State grew up, looking at the other side of the two faces of power: that not merely was the sovereign or sovereign body responsible for the *safety* of the realm, but also for preserving the 'life, liberty and property' of its subjects — soon to become in fortunate circumstances citizens. This process scholars call constitutionalism: the attempt to restrain government by law.

In Great Britain, truth to tell, we have never liked the 'State'. It sounds too harsh, too close to Machiavelli for some — 'when the safety of the State is concerned, no consideration of good or evil . . .' etc; and too close to Hegel for others — the State as the origanic spiritual embodiment of all that is best in the life of a national community.

The concept emerged of a depersonalised 'Crown', which embodied our corporate continuity and which had prerogative powers still, say emergency powers, but which could only be exercised by rules laid down by Parliament. Supreme power lay in 'the King in Parliament' — or Queen. This was and is no empty abstraction.

So I cannot quite agree with Peter Kellner (*NS* 15 February) when he says that the most important question at stake in the Ponting case was whether it is for 'the courts or for ministers themselves to arbitrate when private conscience confronts public iniquity'. 'Conscience' is too wide and anarchic. The issue was more precise in the Ponting defence submission: that ministers had lied to Parliament and that a civil servant is primarily (meaning when there is a conflict of duty) a servant of the Crown or, as the Act itself says, 'the State'. How else could civil servants loyally serve successive, rival governments? But this calls, indeed, for restraint on both sides. Every actual Heseltine or Stanley creates a potential Ponting.

'Lies', of course, come in different sizes. But

THIS WEEK in NEWSociety

Among the saints at Molesworth
A Bunyanesque protest, very different from Greenham

Why the miners should forget history
Kenneth O. Morgan on how analogies misled

Achieving rough justice on benefits
Tony Lynes on the tangle Fowler may make worse

Plus: Frederic Raphael on the Jews betrayed; Ruth Brandon on why scientists believe in fairies

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Colin Wheeler

the point the jury seem to have taken was that the lies were (a) not necessary for the safety of the State; (b) could not be made except systematically, which involved not merely the connivance but the active help of civil servants in lying to Parliament. The jury must have thought that Parliament is something special.

SO, AT THE END, how would I distinguish between 'State' and 'Government'. On the one hand, some define 'State' as Mr Merlyn Rees did as an expert witness — he said that it meant something like 'the nation', the people itself: a higher duty to their interests. Useful, but difficult: a kind of commonsense, chapel Hegelianism. And it can confuse 'State' with 'society', taking us back in a circle. Who else but elected representatives, with their majority, can interpret the interests of society?

On the other hand, most writers of authority say 'the State' means the continuing institutional structure in which any government operates and which gives government, abstractly, its legitimacy and, concretely, leads people to accept even decisions with which they do not agree. In Britain the State plainly includes the Crown and Parliament, elections and the conventions of the Constitution which enable governments to work the system but in such a way that they and it can be peaceably changed. In a state of emergency, certainly, some of this can be overridden, but only by Parliament and 'for the duration of hostilities.'

So to direct the jury that 'duty' can only mean official duty as defined by the government of the day, and to say that the Government is the State, is both to ignore the special standing of Parliament as part of the British State, and all that is best in the Western tradition of political and legal thought.

At the end of the day, whether these good old distinctions hold depends on public opinion and behaviour. The Ponting jury upheld the constitution against a narrow-minded and foolish judge who wouldn't get an 'A' level. We honour the memory of those civil servants who leaked secret documents to Winston Churchill in the 1930s; the safety of the State *was* involved.

But what is good for the goose is good for the gander. Some socialists of late have been apt to argue silly things like 'the State is only the embodiment of a class-formation', or Chartists (posing as Socialists) that 'a Parliamentary majority could legislate irreversible social changes in the first 100 days'. We must all accept that there *is* a distinction between what any government or Parliament can do and altering the rules or conventions by which such decisions are made. More and better constitutional law, not less! '3 out of 10!' □

DEFENCE

SLIPPING IN THE NEUTRON BOMB

Next Tuesday the government will be pressed to give honest answers on NATO modernisation plans. So far, Dan Plesch reports, they appear to have lied

THE PENTAGON believes it has found the perfect technical fix to the political problem posed by NATO's refusal to take the neutron bomb. A new artillery shell is to be produced, the W82, which can be turned into a Neutron bomb in the field by screwing in an extra module.

In March, NATO's Nuclear Planning Group is expected to decide the precise numbers required, although Congress agreed in principle last November to spend up to $1.1 billion on 925 new shells; it is awaiting the NATO decision before agreeing to the detail. The modernisation is linked to the withdrawal of hundreds of old shells and nuclear anti-aircraft missiles built in the 1950s in accordance with the 'Montebello decision' of NATO ministers in October 1983. But in public only the withdrawal of old weapons is mentioned.

In Europe, General Rogers, NATO's Supreme Commander, has pushed strongly for improved conventional forces in order to 'raise the threshold' of conflict at which NATO would have to go nuclear in a European war. In line with the decision at Montebello, this would allow a reduction in nuclear artillery. In the United States, however, he has advocated new nuclear artillery. Writing to several US Senators in early 1983, he said: 'I would like to underscore the importance and critical need for the development and deployment of the W82 Nuclear Artillery Projectiles.'

Because of the public disgust at a weapon which ostensibly destroys people but not property, the new weapon would not be presented as a neutron bomb. A year later, General Rogers explained to a House of Representatives committee: 'What I would like

New Statesman
RESEARCH DIRECTORY

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to have is a 155mm modern round that could become enhanced radiation capable by the insertion of a module, so that it could be deployed in Western Europe. Keep the module here and when the time comes and the allies have no gas pains over that, then we can send the module over.'

The military function of this weapon, the 155mm W82 Artillery Fired Atomic Projectile, is closely linked to the US Army's AirLand Battle Doctrine. In addition to being 'neutron capable', it is seen as being more useful to ground commanders, since both its range of 30km and explosive power of up to 2,000 tons of TNT are double those of its predecessor, the W48. As the Army's Field Manual explains: 'Nuclear Weapons are particularly effective in engaging follow on formations or forces in depth of their inherent power and because of reduced concerns about troop safety and collateral damage.' However, 'Special care must be taken not to create obstacles to friendly maneuver through the use of nuclear fire.'

The Soviet Union is also modernising its short range nuclear forces with a new nuclear mortar artillery and three new surface to surface missiles in a classic example of the arms race — each new weapon must match the other side's. So far, however, the British government has not switched on this argument. Rather, in response to questions from MPs Dafydd Ellis Thomas, Robert Wareing, Ann Clwyd and Kevin McNamara, ministers have consistently denied that any modernisation is taking place at all. In a written answer to Kevin McNamara at the end of January, Adam Butler, the Minister of Defence Procurement, stated that: 'Nuclear shells for artillery deployed by the United Kingdom in support of NATO are provided by the USA. No proposals have been made for their modernisation.'

This statement directly contradicts that of Richard L Wagner, Caspar Weinberger's Assistant Secretary for Atomic Energy.

In a formal written statement to Congress last May, Wagner said that an integral part of the NATO decision at Montebello to reduce the numbers of nuclear weapons 'was an endorsement of a modernisation programme for them.' In response to this endorsement, 'our current planning includes a new tactical bomb, B-61, the new 155mm & 8 inch nuclear artillery shells, possibly a modification to Lance and perhaps a standoff air delivered weapon. NATO ministers endorsed all these improvements.' A month later, in June 1984, Dafydd Ellis Thomas was told in Parliament: 'No decisions have yet been taken on the replacement of existing nuclear artillery rounds deployed in Europe.'

In the absense of further information, it appears that it is impossible for the statements of both the British and US governments on this issue to be accurate. At the very least, the British Minister of Defence should explain in what way Richard Wagner, a man responsible for the production and servicing of thousands of nuclear weapons, has got his facts wrong. At the worst, it may be that behind a smokescreen of 'conventional improvements' NATO is undertaking a wholesale update of its short range nuclear forces. If this is the case, Ministers' statements to the Commons make their answers on the *Belgrano* appear candid. □

Strings to the BBC's licence

John Healey

SOMETIME BEFORE the end of March the Home Secretary will decide how much 18½ million people must pay for their television licences for the next three years. The BBC are seeking a rise in the colour licence from £46 a year to £65 — an increase of 41 per cent.

In mid-January Joe Ashton, Labour MP for Bassetlaw, tried to introduce a bill in the Commons to allow the introduction of paid advertising on the BBC: the favoured alternative to the licence fee system. Fellow labour MP Brian Sedgemore opened his attack on the proposal by saying, 'Few Labour Members would have expected to see a Labour Member bring in a bill to put the BBC in private hands and bring public service broadcasting to an end.' The bill was defeated by 159 votes to 118. But the fall of the bill foreclosed the possibility of the first full debate on the principles of financing the BBC since its creation in 1927.

The arguments about the BBC accepting advertising are well rehearsed on both sides. One of the cornerstones of the BBC's case is its insistence that it is totally independent of any interest group. This is an important ideal, but it is not the reality. It may have moved from the days when Lord Reith wrote speeches for Prime Ministers, but the BBC remains constitutionally bound to the will of the government of the day: 'The Corporation shall, whenever so requested by any Minister of HM's Government at the Corporation's own expense, send from all or any of the stations any announcement which such Minister may request the Corporation to broadcast' (Cl 13.3 Licence and Agreement with the Home Secretary). In practice too, the BBC is dependent on the financial provision made for it by the Home Secretary. In these circumstances it must be susceptible to external pressure.

But funding through commercial advertising would also put pressure on the BBC. As BBC Chairman, Stuart Young, insists: 'If the BBC and ITV were competing for money it would have to put on programmes that were getting mass audiences . . . You couldn't have quality programmes shown at peak times'.

Alternative methods of funding have been suggested by the Corporation, couched in terms of 'broadening the base of the licence fee income'. This might include radio licence fees both in and out of cars, and charges for each television set — even the Chairman recognises an iniquity in the present system: 'I've never felt it right that I own four sets and I pay the same as an underprivileged family pay for their one set'. The concept of a pay-as-you-watch method has also been mooted, although none of these at present offers a feasible and enforceable alternative.

In the meantime, despite the Corporation's assertion that the new fee at 18p per day would be 'the best bargain in Britain', £1.36 a week represents a significant bite out of supplementary benefit or of most pensions. The case for waiving the licence fee for pensioners might be strong, but the BBC could not withstand the £385 million loss of income that would result. Its proposed solution is for the DHSS to provide black and white licences for those on low incomes, just as the Republic of Ireland does for 120,000 people there.

This formula represents the public endorsement of a very important principle — direct grant-in-aid funding from the Exchequer. This is already practised in the financing of the BBC's External Service which is, however, vulnerable to government cries for cuts. But if the BBC really is a public service as Young and Sedgemore insist, then it should be funded as such, and not as a consumer service. If it received a direct grant-in-aid, it ought then to be freed of its constitutional and financial ties to the government of the day, and come instead under the supervision of Parliament, where fully open discussions on broadcasting principles could take place.

Vulnerability to the whims of a government bent on cuts could be reduced by setting up a permanent Select Committee on Broadcasting to recommend necessary grant levels. This same committee could also monitor its own show when the TV cameras gain access to the Commons. Detailed monitoring of broadcasting standards could be carried out by a Broadcasting Ombudsman who would also deal with complaints direct from the public, thus replacing the toothless Broadcasting Complaints Commission.

The BBC's authority and standard of service can only benefit from a secure source of funding which is set in public and which breaks the cosy, informal arrangements that operate at present. □

John Healey edits The House Magazine.

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DIARY

New York

One of my daughter's milk teeth worked loose on the road to New York. Then we forgot about it, as we set out to the greatest treat in the 'City of Cities' on a cold, windy but beautifully clear day. We went up the Empire State Building just before dusk. Unlike the World Trade Center, it has a spectacular view of mid-town Manhattan. Even New Jersey looks beautiful as the sun sets over it. Down below, the car and street lights come on and night falls in the shadows of the canyon streets and avenues, while up above it is still daylight. Then the whole city turns dark. The bridges become webs of fairy lights and the dust of daytime is transformed into a glorious night-time spectacle, picked out and reflected back from the deep waters of the Hudson and the East Rivers. Despite waiting in line, as the Americans say, and the cramped portholes of the 102nd floor, the transformation provides one of the greatest sights this side of the Day of Judgment. What better place could there be than the top of the Empire State Building for a cry of eager surprise: 'My tooth is out'.

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What is a 7-year-old's impression of New York? 'When you see it first of all, from a bridge, or wherever, it is all magnificent, shiny and glittering. But when you drive through it, it is quite a disappointment, it's a bit like London only more dirty'. We tried to count the skyscrapers . . . in my view the worst kind of America-lovers are the British who think that they are still proconsuls to our raw, and newly rich, Atlantic cousins. An outstanding example of such idiocy was a TV special by Alastair Burnet last autumn. He heralded the elections that brought Reagan a second term by proclaiming the US to be a British colony still — a great dog wagged by its London tail. A breathless list of British achievements was regaled by the awe-struck Burnet as proof of his preposterous notion. So I repeated one of them in the most neutral way I could to my daughter, as we bumped down Broadway, through the steam and the potholes. 'You know that TV reporter Alastair Burnet,' I said. 'Well he says that we British own 20 of the skyscrapers in New York. What do you think of that?' There was an uninterested pause: 'I'd much prefer to own an elephant than a skyscraper.'

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We had a couple of disappointments with the paintings. The Frick has perhaps the finest small collection in the world, gathered by a 19th Century industrialist. It is still housed in his former mansion by Central Park. It has a magnificent Goya, Rembrandt's *Polish Rider* and other favourites, including three Vermeers. One of which is the iridescent *Mistress with Maidservant*. To entice my daughter's interest, I told her that she could try to solve one of the great mysteries of art. Is the Mistress sending or receiving the note that the two women are holding with such concern? But what did we find when we got there? Children under ten are forbidden entry. This pathetic regulation, at once snobbish and vicious, is also an improper restriction of access to a work that should never have become the possession of a Robber Baron in the first place. Across the road at the Met we had more trouble. In part because junior is now nearly 8 months old and eager to stand, I wanted to see Van Gogh's *First Steps*. I know it only from reproductions. It is obviously very beautiful and also popular, to judge from the number of different size copies on sale in the Met's shop. But we couldn't find it. According to the information office it was up. The attendants in the 19th Century gallery said it was down. 'This is a fast moving section', one added, as if the pictures were being sold. Apparently this happens the whole time. Major works are taken down apparently on whim. No one knows why, except the curator, who was in a meeting — a long meeting. So even if the Met tells you that a picture is hanging, it may not be when you get there. This is hardly the way to show a permanent collection. If the Metropolitan Museum of Art has too many works for even its gargantuan spaces, then some redistribution is called for.

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Despite the paintings, perhaps the rarest thing in New York is a native American cab driver. The most remote citizens of the world — from Red Guards to Albanians — will stop for you when you wave down a Yellow Cab. Of course it can lead to misunderstandings. A Soviet emigré took me to Bruno's Bakery, but it was some time before he could comprehend my accent. 'Russkie, Russkie,' he emphasized. From Stalingrad it turned out. Why had he left? 'Physical, economical, and personal oppression', he replied, rolling the words in sympathy with the steering wheel. 'Do you like it here in America?' I asked him. 'Aw heck!' was his only comment. You could feel his longing for Russia. So I asked him the most interesting question and sometimes the most difficult for emigrants, did he want to return? He did, he wanted to live there but when it was more free. 'As it is Russia, that will be a long, long time.' As if to demonstrate the neutrality of raw capitalism, my next taxi was driven by a guy from Port-au-Prince. In a memorable phrase he told me: 'In Haiti, the rich get richer and the poor die'. He described how the Ton-Ton-Macoute just took people from their homes at night without explanation. He loved what he described as his beautiful little island. 'The day Duvalier dies I'll go back.' How long would it take before Baby Doc went, I asked? America supports him, he explained. So that could take a long time, too, as Baby Doc is President for life 'and no one has ever voted for him — ever', he added.

○

What one spends in New York no longer bears thinking about in terms of pounds and pence. I'd intended to buy a portable word-box like the marvellous Epson PX-8 I've borrowed. That was six months ago when US computers were cheap. Now, the bargains are in Britain. For travellers, the trick is to adapt to 'money-lag', as the veterans call it, just as one must to 'jet-lag' by mentally switching straight into dollars as you enter the new time zone. Of course, in Britain I'm for a low pound: it is hypocrisy for socialists to attack Thatcher for devaluation that weakens the City and strengthens industry. Doubtless she will do her best to lecture Reagan about his irresponsibility when she arrives here. Thatcher's comment to CBS that she is Reagan's 'greatest fan' is surely ironic. It means that beyond these shores he has hardly a friend in the world — unless of course you count Baby Doc.

Islander

ROGER WODDIS

David defieth Goliath

David Lange, the New Zealand Prime Minister, who is due to visit Britain shortly, has banned visits to New Zealand by American nuclear warships.

The duty of a miniature state
That's part of a grand alliance
Is plainly to grovel before the great
And never to show defiance.

If you *will* put a ban on visiting ships
That are nuclear armed or driven,
You can't be surprised if Uncle flips,
Or be hurt if you're not forgiven.

Your proper stance is the bended knee:
As he said, 'You're part of Anzus.
We're coming to keep you bastards free,
And God help the guy who bans us.'

The loyal partner will prove his love,
Without being meek or mawkish,
By boldly being less like a dove,
And a little bit more Bob Hawke-ish.

In place of the old Churchillian salute
(Which gentlemen want to abolish),
We now have a kick from a Wellington boot
That's covered in kiwi polish.

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KIDNAPPING AND CORRUPTION

A Nigerian and three Israelis were sentenced at the Old Bailey last week for abducting Umaro Dikko, perhaps the most hated figure in the overthown Shagari government, and attempting to airfreight him back to Lagos. Suzanne Cronje looks into the political background

Associated Press (both pics)

General Buhari (right) led the coup against President Shehu Shagari (left) — but does he really want Dikko back?

CONSIDERING the xenophobic passion which crimes involving Third World embassies now seem to evoke, Nigeria got off lightly last week after the Dikko trial. The evidence showed that staff of the Nigerian High Commission was involved in the attempt, which was bungled from beginning to end. The organisers were former members of the Israeli secret service, Mossad; they said they wanted to see justice done for their Nigerian friends.

The judge — Mr Justice McCowan of Ponting trial fame — even expressed some sympathy with the accused. This did not prevent him from passing heavy prison sentences, causing concern in British business circles that they might make the Nigerians take their valuable custom elsewhere.

It was generally assumed that the kidnappers were agents of General Buhari's regime. But the opposite is more likely to be true — the very last thing Nigeria's rulers want is for Britain to agree to Dikko's extradition. It took them a full year to make a formal request for his return. When they applied last month, Dikko had already asked for political asylum and Lagos knew that the chances of his being handed back by Britain were practically nil.

On the face of things, Nigeria's military rulers have been busy staging corruption tribunals ever since their coup on 31 December 1983. Their declared purpose for overthrowing the previous Shagari civilian regime was to stem the massive flow of public funds into private pockets.

Because of the unpopularity of the Shagari regime, the generals' takeover was enthusiastically received — particularly in the more progressive south, which opposed the conservative northern elite behind Shagari's political party, the NPN. But today the Buhari administration is often referred to as 'the NPN in khaki'. The same northern clique which produced Shagari and Dikko still propels the military government. Its most powerful members are northerners, or protégés of the north, and it is less circumscribed in representing these interests than the elected Shagari regime. The corruption trials have been mainly confined to governors belonging to opposition parties in the south, together with a few northerners who supported radical movements. No important northern politician has yet been arraigned. Many of those detained immediately after the coup have been released.

There have been widespread demands that Shagari himself be brought to trial. Buhari's response so far has been to stall on the grounds that the former president had not been found to be involved in 'any specific corrupt practice'. The Nigerian writer Wole Soyinka commented that 'This is akin to exculpating the general of a conquered army on the grounds that he was not found with a gun in his hand'. If Dikko were to be repatriated, charges against other northern leaders, including Shagari, could not be avoided.

Dikko, who knows a lot about the corrupt practices of the 1979-83 administration, could ensure that this information became public, should anything happen to him. The Buhari government is convinced of this and does not really believe that there is any way of recovering the millions it accuses Dikko and other political refugees of having illegally transferred out of Nigeria.

Shagari's former opponents, on the other hand, including the rich elite in the south, have much less to fear from public disclosure, since most of them have not held office in recent years. The clamour for the return of Dikko comes mainly from the south and it seems likely that the kidnap attempt was instigated at least in part by southern leaders. Dikko's return would lead to the exposure of their northern enemies and stem the tide of institutionalised 'northern' dominance, which is again reversing the

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previous trend towards 'national unity'.

This divisive development in Nigeria is particularly evident in education. In the last few weeks southern principals of 'Unity Colleges' in the north have been replaced by northerners. These establishments were originally created to bridge regional and ethnic differences and their staff were deliberately appointed from different parts of the country. Northern officials now openly advocate the decentralization of school administration to prevent the recruitment of staff from the south.

Education also illustrates the retrogressive attitudes of the Buhari government. In the south there has been a long trend towards free schooling at the primary and secondary level. This year Oyo State has introduced fees in primary schools for the first time since 1955. In neighbouring Ondo State, free schooling has been retained, but at the cost of high local taxation. In Lagos State parents are required to produce tax certificates to gain access to education for their children. At a time of growing unemployment, these requirements are causing deep resentment.

Figures from the National Manpower Board show that 30 per cent of all workers in private employment have been laid off over the last three years, with 80 per cent of the unemployed below the age of 15. Trade union sources say the number of workers sacked because of purges and retrenchments ordered by the military in 1984 is 266,000 in government jobs and 10,000 in the private sector. They stress that these figures — particularly for private establishments — do not include dismissals which remain unnotified. The private sector has been forced to compete for foreign exchange to buy essential imported components, but foreign exchange shortages and bureaucratic bottlenecks have meant that many factories had to close down.

THE HUGE DEBTS, incurred by the Shagari administration at a time when the world recession had already reduced Nigeria's earnings from oil, have necessitated some emergency action. This year Nigeria will spend almost half of its foreign income on debt servicing. Unless drastic measures are taken, the situation will become much worse in the years to come. In 1990 the total amount of foreign loans already agreed will have more than doubled.

Nigeria needs a large loan from the IMF, but refuses to accept the conditions on which it has been offered. One of these is the removal of petroleum subsidies; at the moment petroleum used in the powerful north is more heavily subsidised than other fuels because of transport costs. There are also objections to the devaluation of the naira required by the IMF.

The Lagos government is incensed by the refusal of Britain to negotiate the repayment of Nigeria's debts except in an IMF framework. The British stand on this issue has caused Nigeria difficulties in obtaining finance elsewhere and there have been threats that the Buhari government might consider its 'traditional' British trade links if London persists in this attitude. Despite the military criticism of the Shagari government's profligacy, Nigeria's imports from Britain last year — worth over £700 million — were higher than those allowed into the country by the Shagari administration the previous year.

A pressure group of uninsured British interests was formed a few weeks ago to influence Home Secretary Leon Brittan against granting Dikko's application for asylum here on the grounds that this might impede the flow of remittances from Nigeria.

Anglo-Nigerian relations were also impaired last year when the British National Oil Corporation undercut Nigeria's oil, but Lagos is fully aware of its ability to hit back at Britain. In mid-January a rumour that Nigeria might leave OPEC and drop its oil price caused the pound to plung. Nigeria's Oil Minister denied any such intention, but said after the latest OPEC meeting that, while he remained within OPEC with both feet, both his eyes were firmly fixed on the North Sea. □

ITALY

RED HATS WAVE RED FLAGS

Donald Sassoon explores the present delicate relationship between the Vatican and the Italian Communist Party, plus the growing splits and factions with the Catholic Church worldwide

> I tell you what is the original sin. The original sin is private property. Private property stands between the capitalist and me. Take away his property and he becomes my brother and I can finally love him.

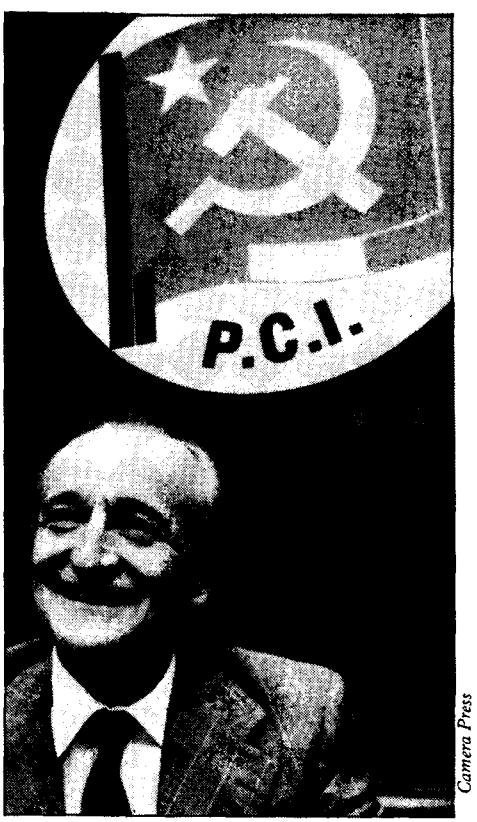
SO SAID the priest at a public meeting held in the small town of Arcidosso in Tuscany. The Communist militant who had taken me there turned towards me and said smiling: 'When I hear these things I feel terribly petty bourgeois. He calls for the abolition of private property while we've dropped large-scale nationalisation from our programme years ago. It feels funny to be overtaken from the left by a priest.'

The changes which have occurred in the Roman Catholic Church have not, however, taken the Italian Communist Party (PCI) entirely by surprise. As early as 1954 the then party leader, Palmiro Togliatti, launched an appeal to the Catholics to join the Left in a campaign against nuclear weapons 'for the salvation of humanity'. By 1962 religion, far from being the 'opium of the people', was seen as something positive and the Party congress took the view that 'the aspiration to a socialist society can find a stimulus in a religious conscience which faces the dramatic problems of the contemporary world'.

The evolution of the Church matched that of the PCI. In the late '40s the Pope had excommunicated communists, their supporters, their allies (the Socialist Party) and even those who read the PCI press. But in the early '60s Pope John XXIII, in the encyclica 'Pacem in Terris', dealt differently with the question of the dialogue between Catholics and 'the others' — as Communists, atheists and non-believers generally were called. In particular, he made a distinction between the 'error' and 'he who errs'; and between 'false ideologies' and the movements which are inspired by them. Political and social movements, the Pope argued, unlike doctrines and ideologies are never static. They change with history and may produce just demands. A dialogue between believers and non-believers can produce the truth, 'A rapprochement or an encounter on questions of a practical nature is possible'.

Since then, the Communist-Catholic dialogue has proceeded speedily. As the PCI distanced itself from Moscow, the Church loosened its links with the ruling Christian Democratic Party at home and with American foreign policy abroad. The political unity of Italian Catholics around a single party was coming to an end.

The 1960s saw the proliferation of community-based groups which had adopted and developed many of the positions of the libertarian Left. The Vatican developed an Ostpolitik of its own particularly during the long papacy of Paul VI. There were, of course, many moments of tension, for example when Catholic groups supported by the Christian Democrats and the Church fought against divorce legislation. They lost: many Catholics had taken the view that the State should not be asked to enforce religious principles and voted



Camera Press

PCI's Natta: continuing cautious co-operation

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with the PCI and the other pro-divorce parties.

The growth of movements such as 'Christians for Socialism' in the late '60s and in the '70s had posed problems for the PCI. On the one hand, it was pleased that the Catholic monolith was being split asunder and that being a Catholic no longer necessarily meant to vote for Christian Democracy. On the other hand, the PCI was reluctant to support whole-heartedly positions which were still relatively marginal; it did not want to risk endangering the relationship it had gradually established with the Church hierarchy.

Camera Press

Cardinal Glemp: 'undermined by the Pope?

On the whole the strategy has worked remarkably well. It became increasingly common for Communists and Catholics to march together, whether against the Mafia or cruise missiles. Catholic thinkers and writers were elected to parliament in the PCI list. By the late '70s Berlinguer could say proudly: 'We are now the second party of the Catholics'.

AT FIRST the Communist press was favourable to the newly elected Karol Wojtila. A Polish Pope was less likely to be so involved in specifically Italian political issues. The Polish Church was used to dealing with Communists in Eastern Europe and was unlikely to be upset by the Italian brand. Although John Paul's first pronouncements on moral matters (the Pill, abortion, sex, etc) seemed to give an unnecessary emphasis to the more traditional aspects of the Church's teachings, he also took a stand against the proliferation of nuclear weapons and adopted a progressive attitude towards social reforms.

What the PCI did not see was that the Pope's deliberate use of the mass media and of foreign travel was not to modernise the Church, but rather an attempt to safeguard its hierarchical principles and structures by the use of modern methods.

This became more apparent when the Pope proceeded to weaken the power of progressive institutions such as the Jesuits, grouped around the journal *Civilta Cattoliea*, and to increase that of the technocratic and elitist Opus Dei.

The real turning point, however, occureed last September when Cardinal Joseph Ratzinger, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of the Doctrine of the Faith, called the Brazilian theologian Leonardo Boff to Rome to be subjected to what looked like a trial. The previous month Ratzinger had produced a document attacking 'Liberation Theology'.

Associated Press

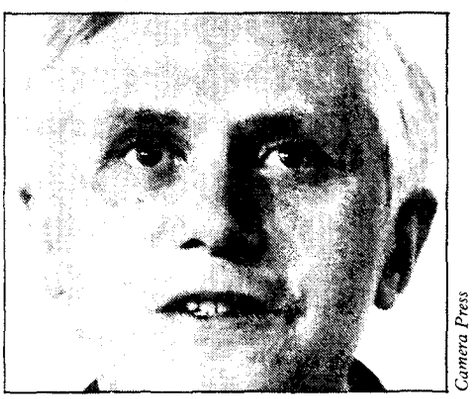
Leonardo Boff: Brazil's leading liberationist

Towards the end of September Alessandro Natta, the new leader of the PCI, launched into a direct attack on the document. The PCI's objections centred on two aspects. First, the document refused to recognise the fact that there are many 'marxisms' in the world and, in a language reminiscent of the Cold War, denounced 'marxism' as if it was a monolithic doctrine. Secondly, while the document stigmatised Communist regimes as being 'the shame of our times', it failed to condemn also other non-communist dictatorial regimes.

It seemed that a long honeymoon was over. The Vatican press contrasted Natta's alleged anticlericalism with the position of his predecessor, Berlinguer, who had — according to the Vatican — a better understanding of the Catholic world. The PCI regretted 'the good old days' of Popes John XXIII and Paul VI.

In an article in the weekly *Rinascita*, one of the Party's experts on religious matters, Carlo Cardia, focused on what he called the major contradiction of John Paul's strategy. This was that, while he was trying to maintain direct and hierarchical control of the various geographical areas and social settings in which the contemporary Roman Catholic Church was divided, the Pope was less and less able to provide specific solutions to the diverse problems facing those in the field.

This analysis is not far removed from



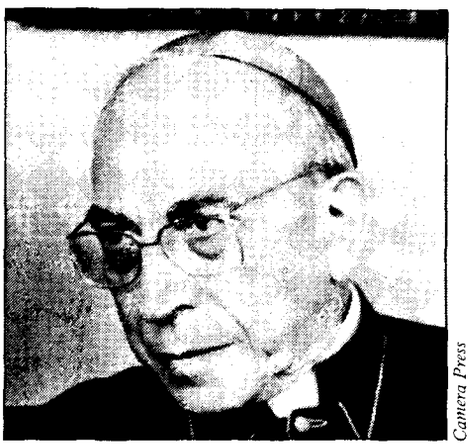
Camera Press

Cardinal Ratzinger: Boff's 'prosecutor'

Leonardo Boff's own defence of Liberation Theology. In a radio interview he explained that the liberation theologians do not start from theoretical assumptions. Their starting point is the *fact* of poverty and oppression: 'Obviously to understand this iniquitous reality one needs a critical and analytical approach, but the problem is not the theory of poverty but poverty itself. It seems to me that Cardinal Ratzinger does not understand this problem'.

THE PCI IS now seriously reconsidering its entire relationship with the Vatican — and hence with Liberation Theology. So far the reluctance of the PCI to intervene on the side of the Liberation Theology has been unofficially justified by the 'need' to support the Pope's line on disarmament and detente. But now it is beginning to think that the Pope may be developing a 'second strategy'. To what extent is the Vatican deliberately trying to sabotage the Polish primate Cardinal Glemp's effort to mediate between the Polish government and Solidarity? During his visit to Nicaragua, the Pope refused to express sympathy with the victims of the 'Contras' and warned the clergy against 'meddling' in politics. Was that an attempt to line up with the US position? Is not the term 'shame of our time' used of Communism regimes similar in tone to Reagan's notorious 'empire of evil' rhetoric?

Yet to suggest, as the PCI seems to be doing, that the Pope and his advisers are moving the Church back into the 'free world' camp is perhaps too one-sided. A few weeks after the



Camera Press

Cardinal Casaroli: preserving Ostpolitik

'trial' of Leonardo Boff, the Pope, at an outdoor mass in Canada attended by 150,000 people, condemned the oppression of the nations of the South by the rich nations of the North and called this oppression 'imperialistic'.

Clearly the Pope is not above making political use of the theme of social reform. He wants to establish his authority over the issue. 'Mere priests' should not meddle in politics, but the Pope can. He is obviously convinced that the Church is not going to recover from the challenge of modernity by developing its pluralism further but on the contrary by protecting its centralism — even at the cost of antagonizing its large Latin American following.

The Italian Communists know a thing or two about centralised and monolithic organization. It took them well over 20 years to liberate themselves from it. The PCI had assumed, wrongly as it turned out, that the de-Italianization of the Church would facilitate its decentralisation.

When the anti-Communist Pope Pius XII died in 1958 the College of Cardinals had 55 members of whom 36 were European (18 Italian) and Europe had the highest total of baptized Catholics. When Karol Wojtyla became Pope twenty years later, the College of Cardinals had doubled with 56 non-European cardinals, 44 of whom came from the Third

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World; and Latin America had the highest number of Catholics.

As expected, John Paul continued Paul VI's attempt to decrease the power of the curia in Rome by opening it up to the influence of non-Italian tendencies, but this seems to have led to the growth of the power of the conservative European churches, such as the German (Ratzinger is a German) at the expense of other, more open churches.

The Party, though, is still relatively cautious. It argues that two developments will indicate whether the traditionalists will regain full control of the Church of Rome. The first concerns the future of Cardinal Casaroli, the Vatican's foreign minister and most outspoken supporter of Ostpolitik. His removal would signal a clear victory for the pro-western German tendency. The second concerns the position of the US Church — a large part of which supports the liberation theologians. If this powerful and rich Church should choose not to fight the Ratzinger position, then the PCI would have to take a much clearer stand and risk becoming even more identified with 'troublesome priests' like Leonardo Boff. □

APARTHEID

DIPLOMATIC LAWBREAKERS

Denis Herbstein comments on a report which shows that the government can act against South Africa

FOR YEARS the London-based Anti-Apartheid Movement (AAM) has been sending memoranda to the British government detailing nefarious activities orchestrated from the South African embassy in Trafalgar Square — only to be told that there is insufficient evidence to proceed against a diplomat involved in arms buying, or burglary at the offices of a liberation movement, or abuse of the diplomatic bag.

But now, in the wake of the murder of WPC Yvonne Fletcher outside the Libyan mission and the interrupted air trip of Umaro Dikko, the Foreign and Commonwealth Office is being asked to take a tougher line on Pretoria's and other misbehaving diplomats. Last month the Commons all-party Foreign Affairs committee published a lengthy report on 'The abuse of diplomatic immunities and privileges'. Though the Libyan people's bureau and the Nigerian high commission were the main targets of the hearings that led to the report, several AAM suggestions have now at last found favour.

These relate to expulsions of diplomats, to checking on new arrivals and to the electronic scanning of that sacrosanct diplomatic 'bag' (in Dikko's case it was that large crate). The White Paper which the FCO promises for next month is more than likely to accept the most important recommendations — the more so as the report won unanimous approval from a committee encompassing Labour's Dennis Canavan and the Tory friend of apartheid, Bowen Wells.

Though the MPs did not deal with the question of the bail-jumping South African arms dealers, known as the Coventry 4, they did respond to an Old Bailey trial in 1982 when three Britons were jailed for selling arms to South Africa. One shipment had actually been paid for by the London embassy, with a stamped invoice before the court to prove it. The AAM wrote to the FCO, which in November 1982 replied that it was awaiting a full report of the case from the Home Office, 'which apparently may take some time to obtain'.

Three months later, the FCO minister, Cranley Onslow, offered the extraordinary explanation that 'our inquiries have revealed that although there is no *conclusive* evidence of the Embassy's role in the case, there are *prima facie* grounds for suspecting that the Embassy or members of its staff were involved in transactions for the supply of arms to South Africa in contravention of UK legislation'.

But, Onslow explained, 'since the events in question happened some time ago, it seems clear that any staff who may have been involved are no longer serving at their Embassy in London'. The South Africans had however been warned that 'firm action' would be taken whenever there was 'firm evidence' of such misconduct.

The report points out that article 9 of the Vienna Convention (on Diplomatic Relations) gives receiving states 'extremely wide powers' in controlling diplomats. However, the MPs complain of a reluctance by the government to use this power, 'even in cases where generally unacceptable behaviour, with a political motive, is suspected in a mission'. There is an impression of a 'laxity of approach, of a reluctance to act without watertight evidence and . . . to take strong measures once unacceptable behaviour was identified. These are the sorts of cases we would expect to be pursued more strongly in the future'.

The Libyan gun which killed Yvonne Fletcher was the cause of the recommendation by the committee to allow the electronic scanning of the diplomatic bag. But it also has a bearing on South African criminal activity. Thus the case of Warrant Officer Klue, working out of the embassy as the puppeteer of two British marionettes who broke into the African National Congress and SWAPO offices in London. Klue was never interviewed by the police but left the country after an approach by the FCO. In the meantime, material stolen from SWAPO was shown on South African television. How else, but through the 'bag', could it have got to the Republic?

Klue was not an 'accredited' diplomat, so his name did not feature on the diplomatic list. He had only 'restricted immunity', a category covering technicians, administrators, some consular officials, who receive Vienna Convention protection when going about their lawful business. Presumably when not doing so, they would be liable to prosecution. This grey area of diplomatic life could be lightened were the names of officials with restricted immunity made public in the same way as full diplomats, possibly with a brief description of their functions. Then, at least, Parliament and public could scrutinise all those liable to dirty tricks out of Trafalgar Square — and elsewhere in diplomatic London.

AAM also complained about the lack of action towards accredited diplomats known to be involved in security and intelligence activities. One of these, B.M. van der Klashorst, was exposed in the *New Statesman* in August 1982 as head of BOSS operations in London, yet he stayed on for another two years as First Secretary. Later, it turned out that he had been a senior security police official before his arrival in London. Another First Secretary, J. J. Kemp, is now a senior officer in the National Intelligence Service, successor to BOSS.

The report says that the FCO should take all steps, at as early a stage as possible, to inform itself about new arrivals. (Only heads of missions and the armed forces attachés have to produce a *curriculum vitae*.) All of which begs the question as to whether, in the case of Pretoria, a quota of diplomatic spies are given the 'blind eye' treatment — perhaps in exchange for MI6 operating in the sunny republic.

One can only guess how many of these 'lapses' can be blamed on inter-departmental friction. But the committee certainly rapped Scotland Yard for last summer's prosecution of peaceful picketing outside SA House. The picket, organised by the City of London Anti-Apartheid group, was found not to have 'impaired the dignity' of the embassy. It now turns out that the Foreign Secretary was not consulted about the decision to prosecute. It is disturbing, say the MPs, that the FCO, who are experts in this particular field of the law, 'and who might be expected to have significant opinions on the effect of the change in policy both on the rest of the diplomatic community in London and on the UK diplomatic community abroad, had no part in the decision-making process'.

The AAM made two other requests which were not accepted by the committee — that the embassy information and military section be closed down as an 'exemplary' measure and that the 'no-visa' arrangements for South Africans coming to this country be cancelled. Here we are getting into the real world of economic and political motivation, of kith and kin and Zola Budd's sprint passport, of billions of pounds of trade and investment, perhaps even of lucrative, clandestine arms deals. As the MPs say, 'the protection against abuse of diplomatic immunity requires not only well-drawn clauses in a treaty; it requires political will'. □

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LETTERS

Poets' signposts

Craig Raine, c/o Faber & Faber Publishers, London WC1

A few months ago, John Lucas praised a poem of mine called 'The Grey Boy', with the candid admission that he did not understand it. Other reviewers (C.B. Cox and David Montrose) identified the context correctly and I was grateful: the poem is much better if you realise it makes sense. All the same I admire Lucas for his candour. Most poetry reviewers take up a position of bogus infallibility, when it should not be to shameful to admit a limitation to omniscience.

However, Lucas writes (*NS* 8 February) that he got nowhere with Blake Morrison's long poem 'The Inquisitor', and goes on to criticise the poem. He got nowhere, in my view, because he ignored all the signposts. Morrison's poem has *three* epigraphs which all point in the same direction. Which is that this is not, appearances to the contrary, a poem about international politics. It is a poem about literary politics and the overall method is metaphorical — the poet and critic as spy, identifying tendencies. For instance, anonymous reviewing of Finnish literature for the *TLS* becomes wittily transformed to: 'So they gave you Finland, which was OK/At first but then it got boring . . .' The texture of events is finally literary, hence the phrase *'Only scholarship will help you to survive'*, and hence the seeding of purely literary reference — to Lowell's death in a taxi, to Tom Paulin's 'Settlers', to Eliot's 'What the Thunder Said' and 'Animula'. The 'private' joke Lucas finds so distasteful — 'Kregraink', a reference to myself — is a crucial part of this context, as is the name of the spymaster 'Herr Mettich', known to us all as 'hermetic' and appearing in the poem with warning inverted commas.

Walesa and Roberto Calvi, as Lucas pointed out, appear in the poem, too. But they appear under the aegis of metaphor. Walesa was an obscure figure who assumed the mantle of power, when other names were more likely. Calvi's career was, as it were, blessed by God, until his sudden fall from favour. It is as if Morrison were saying that prediction is impossible, that, say, Michael Hulse or John Ash might prove to be the poets of real importance, while, say Philip Larkin passed into a backwater with Geoffrey Hill. A list of Nobel Prize winners would support this argument and we can all think of a time when Eliot was thought to be ridiculous in comparison with the Georgians.

Lucas is a good reviewer but, in a general way, I'd be better pleased if he and other poetry reviewers began from the assumption that poets knew what they were up to. It's not always true (I can think of poets praised by Lucas who work in the dark) but as a method it's safer.

Penzance CND legal appeal

Nic Partos, Penzance & District CND

Last August, you carried the story of our local District Council using street trading legislation to stop sales from our CND stall here in Penzance. The decision had been taken under 'delegated powers' by only two Councillors — one of them a MoD employee.

Things have moved on since then. Embarrassed by media coverage — perhaps even sensitive to the 1,000 plus local signatures on our petition protesting their decision — the Council agreed to send our next application to the full sub-committee. They duly passed it, only to have their recommendation thrown out in full council after some hard work by the local Tory Group.

Seeing that we were getting nowhere appealing to the ailing sense of natural justice operating at Penwith District Council, we have now grasped the legal nettle. With the help of the NCCL, we have obtained leave to appeal to the High Court for the Council's decision to be quashed.

While realising that the first places to go in the jeans of the true socialist are always the pockets (on account of the numerous appeals to which s/he is invited to contribute), I hope we might still elicit some donations from readers to help us fight this test case. Cheques/POs please to me at Flat 1, Rosehill Manor, Rosehill, Penzance TR20 8TE, payable to 'Penzance CND Defence Fund'.

Don't close Collets!

Raymond Williams, Ken Livingstone, Ralph Miliband, John Lloyd, Michael Meadowcroft, Chris Smith MP, Simon Hughes MP, Eric Deakins MP, John Cartwright MP, Daffyd Wigley MP, Donald Sassoon, E.P. Thompson, Jeffrey Weeks, Paul Hirst, Barry Hindess, Hilary Wainwright, Ben Pimlott, Raymond Challinor, Anne Showstack Sassoon, Fred Halliday, Chris Mullin, Raphael Samuel

We write to express our concern at the threat of closure hanging over Collets London Bookshop.

As one of the oldest and most broadly-based political bookshops in Britain the shop has been a symbol of political diversity and freedom of expression for over 50 years. It is unique in London in providing access to shelf-space for every shade of radical opinion and so constitutes an invaluable forum of debate for progressive ideas. There has always been a need for such a debate to be carried out openly and comprehensively; and never more so than at the present time. The role of the Collets London Bookshop in facilitating this process could not easily be replaced.

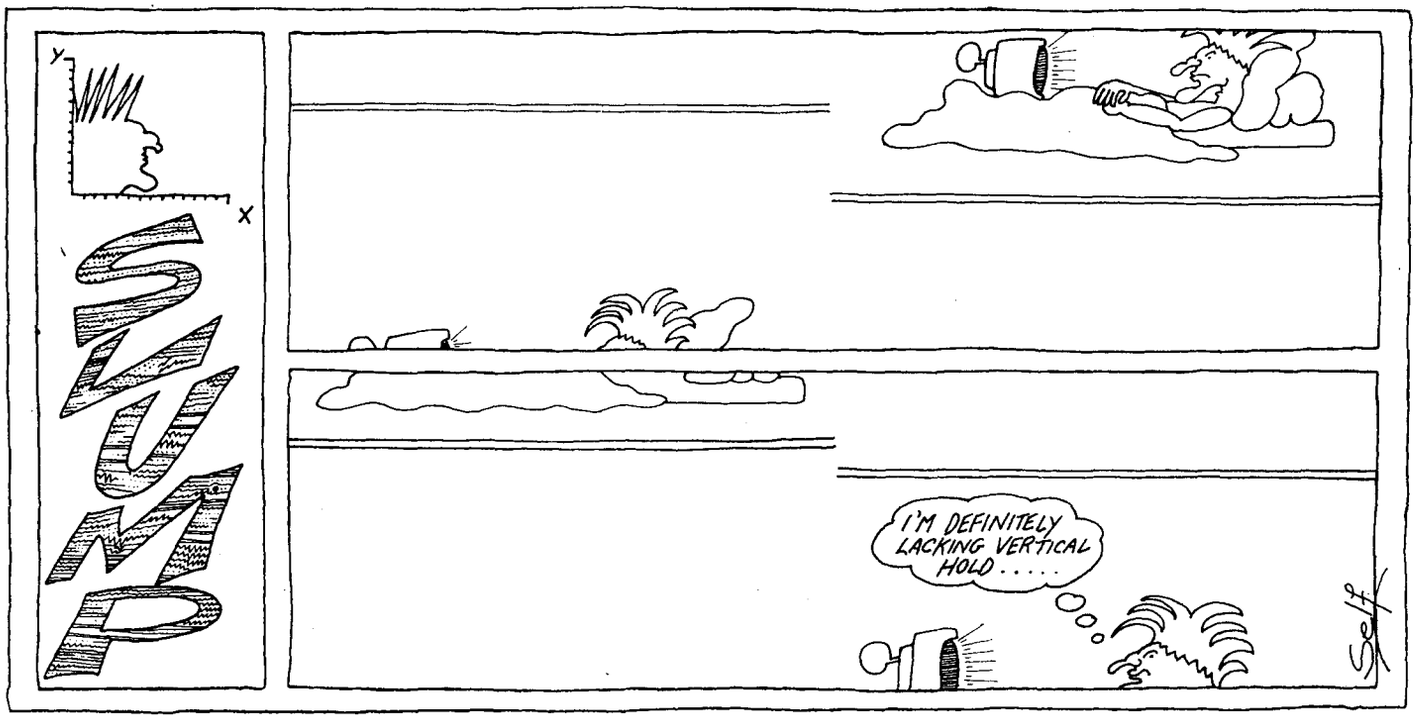
We call upon the Collets Board of Directors to withdraw their proposal of closure and thereby safeguard this essential aspect of progressive political life.

Walworth Road administration

Roger Robinson, Administrative & Personnel Officer, The Labour Party

I refer to John Rentoul's article 'Coming to the aid of the party' (*NS* 8 February) and to the reference to myself, viz 'new technology is said to have passed by the Administration Officer Roger Robinson'. It is a fallacious and injurious statement.

1. I have played a full part at all times in the decisions at Heads of Departments meetings on the introduction of new technology at Head Office.
2. We were given a computer in 1976 (a month



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after I joined Head Office). It has always been the responsibility of the Finance Department because it has been used primarily on tasks related to the work of that department. More recently we have been given another computer by a benefactor and its use has been broadened. I am participating fully in discussions about its future use, particularly to the wider administration.
3. I have consistently over the years investigated ways and means of introducing new technology to Head Office, but the Party's financial position precluded rapid change. Nevertheless, changes have been made and continue to be made.
4. After discussion at the VDU Group, of which I played a full part, I was co-author with the staff trade union representatives on the Group of the newly introduced VDU agreement and still participate in the Group on discussions on other VDU issues.
5. Since I came to Head Office I have introduced, in our reprographic section and elsewhere, with the support of departmental Heads and staff, new forms of photo-copying and collation and introduced the computerised switchboard.
6. I take issue with the article on other misconceptions, particularly the disgraceful reference to three fellow Heads to fight 'tooth and nail' against change and our General Secretary designate. The Management will give absolute and full support to our new General Secretary and we wish him well. We supported Jim Mortimer too and acknowledge that he worked long and hard to sort out our financial position and is widely respected by everyone who works with him as an effective General Secretary.

Student Right bites back

Rory Maw, editor, 'Cambridge Liberator'

I feel there to be some serious errors and misleading statements in your article on Cambridge libertarians (*NS* 1 February), particularly the disingenous attempt to link libertarianism with fascism and racism.
1. The lines between libertarianism and racism are extremely clear — they are mutually exclusive! Mr Fox and I are unequivocal in our condemnation of apartheid as a denial of basic human rights. What we do not accept is that the debate on South Africa should be abandoned to the fascist Right and the self-righteous Left.
2. Selection quotation is an effective but dishonest practice. While Issue 1 of 'Liberator' does state 'It is the concept of a tribally-based federation of states which offers the true solution to South Africa's problems', this is being proposed as a practical alternative to 'the colonialist's arbitrary straight-line borders — which are responsible for so many of that continent's difficulties.'
3. You concede 'In theory, the politics of today's Right are less explicitly racist and patriarchal than the old Right's'. Anyone with any knowledge of libertarians' political philosophy will realise that we are explicitly anti-racist and anti-paternalist.
4. Far from being our allies, fascists and racists in Cambridge University Monday Club form part of an unholy alliance with elements of the Left and the now discredited Cambridge University Conservative Association. In the light of the fervent, even violent, opposition to the libertarians, perhaps it is this bizarre grouping which deserves investigation!

Omissions and elisions

Apologies to Valerie Harland whose name was inadvertently omitted from the article she wrote with Caroline Rees ('For male members only') last week.

Also, in an elision of two sentences in Barry Hugill's article last week on the NUT, we stated that Sheffield and Birmingham LEAs were contemplating using the employment laws against the NUT. We should have said they were considering taking disciplinary action against the teachers.

FEEDBACK

Preventing terrorism?

THE ARTICLE by Clive Soley on the Prevention of Terrorism Act (*NS* 18 January) raised some vital questions about both the impact and the efficacy of the powers within it in lowering the level of political violence connected with Irish politics. However, there are a number of other fundamental issues which the article did not address but which are crucial for illustrating how the Act is used to control the flow of information about those who have been detained.

On 10 January I was asked by the National Council for Civil Liberties to act as an official observer at the remand hearing of those who had been held over the Christmas period on Merseyside. The proceedings were to take place the following day, though NCCL did not know at what time. When I telephoned the Court the next morning I was informed that the hearing would commence at 1.45. I arrived outside the Courthouse at 1.00 where I found out (from a worker in the building) that the hearing was in fact to take place at 1.30. I then tried to obtain entrance to the building only to be told by a police officer that nothing was happening for three-quarters of an hour. I pointed out that I knew that the hearing was to start at 1.30 to which he replied 'Yes, that's what I mean, in 20 minutes, come back then'. On returning at 1.30 I was allowed in after my bag was searched twice. Outside the Courtroom I asked another officer in which Court the hearing was to take place. 'In there' he said, omitting to explain that it had already started. After a further bag search, I finally gained access, about 10-15 minutes after proceedings had started.

The next day, the *Guardian* indicated that reporting restrictions had not been lifted. In effect, this meant that anything which was said in Court could not be printed despite the fact that at least one of the defence lawyers was raising questions about the difficulty of gaining access to his client, a point which appeared to have little direct bearing on questions of security. However, this issue regarding the conditions of remand prisoners, and their access to legal aid, could not be openly reported or discussed in the media. After the hearing the prisoners, having been remanded for a further week, were driven off, watched by armed police and guarded by two police cars and six motor-cycles whose blaring sirens and flashing lights only served to heighten the drama and tension of the events.

On 18 January, access to the Court was restricted still further. There appeared to be a deliberate policy of preventing individuals from entering the building until the very last minute and then denying them access to the hearing because they had arrived too late. On top of that a process of misinformation was again in operation. On arriving at 1.15 I was informed by a police officer that the Court was not sitting until 2.00 pm., despite the fact that the Magistrate had indicated the previous week that proceedings would start at 1.30. After pointing this out I was then asked to come back at 1.30 but told the officer that I would return at 1.25 in order not to miss the start of the hearing. On returning, myself and some others were held outside on the street until 1.30. After my bag was searched I was allowed into the building. Outside the Courtroom I was told that there was to be no access except for immediate family and the press. I pointed out that this had not happened the previous week when I had been allowed in as an observer. An officer challenged this and said that he had been on the door then and had turned me back. After I offered to show my notes from the previous week he informed me that it was now too late for me anyway as the Court was already sitting and he wouldn't let me in. The time was 1.37. This also happened to two other individuals, friends of one of the defendants, who were deliberately held outside until 1.30. They were then denied access because they were 'too late'.

Two other things were noticeable on the 18th. A lawyer, who had nothing to do with the case, was finally admitted to the Courtroom but not before he had a protracted argument with the police over rights of access. Furthermore, the board which is supposed to provide the public with reliable information concerning all of the cases which are to be heard that day, indicated that the hearing was to start at 2.00, when it had been announced the previous week that the case was to start at 1.30. After the hearing, the prisoners, having been remanded again, were driven off with a police escort to shouts of 'Hang them' and 'Murdering bastards' from a small group of demonstrators.

More generally, three other issues are worth considering. First, while Clive Soley rightly points to the low level of success which the Act has had in catching offenders, it has to be repeatedly emphasised that it does have an impact on the lives of thousands of individuals. A significant and disturbing figure is contained in the 1983 Report of Her Majesty's Chief Inspector of Constabulary for England and Wales which reveals that during the year no less than 44,906 'checks' were made under the Act, 210 more than in 1982. The number of detentions was reduced from 213 in 1982 to 187 in 1983 or 0.4 per cent of all those 'checked'.

Second, the review conducted by Lord Jellicoe which received the Royal Assent in March 1984 while widening the scope of the Act did not significantly extend protection for individuals detained under its provisions. As Larry Gostin has recently pointed out (*Guardian* 7 January 1985) the brittle safeguard which allows detainees to see their solicitor after 48 hours was ignored in the case of three of those recently detained on Merseyside.

Finally, and perhaps most significantly for the future, the extraordinary powers in the Act are increasingly becoming more permanent and more central to the administration and practice of criminal justice in Britain. Jellicoe had pointed out in his review that one of his guiding principles was that 'the powers available to deal with terrorism should differ as little as possible from those in the general law' (Para. 71). As the *Guardian* pointed out at the time: 'one of the most alarming aspects of the Jellicoe report is the frequent references to the Police Bill as a norm to which the PTA should aspire — one example, surely, of an insidious circular process in which draconian law softens us up for similar laws which then become the desired standard for further measures' (10 February 1983). Such an analysis, together with the apparent widening of the definitions of subversion, means that in the future it might not only be those who are (or are not) involved in Irish politics who will come face-to-face with the PTA's powers.

Joe Sim

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Andrzej Krauze

SENTENCED TO NEGLECT

After years of teaching 'tough' school classes, Liverpool-born BEVERLY SISSONS was persuaded to start an English class in Peterhead prison, Scotland. She describes the perils and pleasures of teaching those who are deemed ineducable through badness

FIRST DAY OF TERM

Two new young eager teachers were sitting in the staffroom. The Deputy Head approached them, smiling and said: 'Now you two will feel very lost at first, I'm afraid, but it will all make sense in time,' and she folded up an abandoned newspaper without looking at it. 'Do you have lockers? Good. And you'll need to bring a mug. Do you know where the Assembly Hall is? Well, someone will show you.' Then she went away.

FIRST LESSONS

Half an hour later Mrs Tyler was on her way to her first class.

Walking purposefully down the corridor she received a buffet in her side from a child who came hurtling down an unseen staircase and crashed straight into her. She dropped her book and a foot kicked it smartly up the corridor. Getting her balance back and replacing the shoe she had lost in the collision, she was breathlessly trying to regain her composure when Reggie Storm, the big art teacher, pushed his way through the milling children, took her by the arm and led her to the other side of the corridor.

'Little bastards. Be careful. Always walk on the window side of the corridor. Are you all right now?'

'Yes, thanks' she said, though still winded. 'My book,' she pointed.

A passing girl bent down and picked it up and brought it to her.

'Thank you' she said.

The crowds of children were dispersing.

'Where are you bound?'

'Room 18.'

'I'll come with you,' and thus accompanied by Reggie she made it to the classroom door.

He looked sharply through the glass panel in the door, and stiffened. 'Wait a MINUTE!' he said slowly and then hurling open the door he rushed into the room roaring, 'What do you think you are doing?'

A small boy, suspended upside down over the bucket looked up gratefully. The three who held him looked blank. The girls who were sitting down smiled complacently. A red-haired boy at the back carried on punching an unseen enemy.

'Well, Dixon?' barked Reggie. 'What are you doing?'

'Nothing, sir' replied Dixon lowering his victim after a nod to his henchmen. 'Nothing? Nothing?' shouted Reggie. 'A choice specimen this, Mrs Tyler. Fancies himself, don't you Dixon, as the Al Capone of the third year? I won't ask you again Dixon. What were you doing?'

Dixon stood silent, his face innocent.

Suddenly, Reggie noticed McNulty, the red-head at the back, still punching viciously at a boy crouching against the wall, his arms over his face.

'McNULTY!' he bellowed, making Mrs Tyler jump. Several girls put their hands over their ears. 'We'll have less of your g.b.h. merchant work here.'

McNulty emerged from the space at the back corner of the room. His shrewd little face was flushed. His punchbag, Wilson, crawled back to his own seat, smiling with relief. 'Sir?' said McNulty. 'Sit down!' He sat. 'And you Dixon, and your heroic chums! If you have any more trouble with these little masterpieces, Mrs Tyler, let me know,' and he swept out, the door crashing behind him.

Sally Tyler, stunned at his vigour, glad of his departure, smiled warmly at the 35 children, and said, 'Good morning, everyone. I am Mrs Tyler. I am here to

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teach you English. I hope we shall get along well when we know each other. Today I think I'll read you a story. If you have any questions, please ask me?'

'What's the story?' shouted half a dozen.

'Can't yer read yerself?' came a coarse voice.

'Are you married, miss?' piped up a girl by the door.

'Is he any good?' shouted McNulty from the back row.

The entire class rocked back and forth with delight at this wit. 'My mum says,' wheezed a fat girl on the front row.

'Ah! shuttup fatty,' spat a voice.

'Piss off, you fat cow,' hissed another.

'My mum says,' echoed a few of the girls.

The fat girl, with a sigh, ground on, 'My mum says it's rude to ask personal questions. It is, isn't it, miss?' The appeal was direct. The confrontation imminent. She had attracted Miss's attention. Everyone fell silent, waiting to see what 'Miss' would say. She felt like saying, 'Goodbye.' She wanted to remark on the bad language. She was sure the fat girl was making a fool of her, but she couldn't see how. Was she popular? Surely not? Did it matter?

'I think your mother is quite right, dear' she said.

A storm of laughter broke out. Groanings, moanings and howlings. A beating of hands. A pounding on desks. Yells and shouts came from every side.

'Oh! dear!'

'Your mother's quite right, DEAR!'

'I'm not dear, I'm expensive.'

'Dearie, Dearie, me!'

'Dear! Dear!'

Tears of false mirth poured down the cheeks of every child in the class. Two rolled in the aisle, howling and clutching their stomachs. One boy started to cough and three leaped up to beat him on the back. The fat girl wheezed dangerously and looked about with pleasure at the disturbance she had caused.

'Dearie, Dearie, Dearie, Me' voices began to chant. Children started to rock rhythmically in their seats.

'Oh! dear, what can the matter be?'

'Dear, dear...'

'STOP IT,' bawled Sally.

Meanwhile, at the other end of the corridor Robin Watson had an upper third class for History. This was a brighter class than Sally's and, intimidated by his size, had responded well to his introductory remarks. There was no pounding on desks here. Instead a series of questions and answers was in progress.

'What were you doing last term?"

'Nothing!'

'No teacher, half the time.'

'We did projects.' Various voices spoke.

'Projects,' said Robin cheerfully. 'Good. Did you enjoy them?'

'Not likely,' said Corky, adding, 'Kids' stuff.'

'Never marked mine,' said Henderson spitefully, 'Of course, he was having a nervous breakdown.'

'Didn't get mine back,' pouted June Plush. 'He was a right pansy,' and she favoured Robin with a bold and appreciative smile and wiggled seductively.

'One at a time,' said Robin. 'This year we are going to study the Industrial Revolution. It may not sound much fun,' he paused to emphasise his little joke, then remembering his teacher training he went on, 'How many of your fathers work in Amford?'

'I've only got the one father,' said Corky, winking at his cronies. Robin ignored him. 'Come along,' he said, 'surely you know where your own father works? How many of them work in Amford?'

'They all do,' said Henderson, whispering 'does he think they are spacemen?' to his neighbours.

'Mine doesn't,' shrilled a skinny girl near the front. 'He's a farmer, sir.'

'Yeh! he chews straw,' volunteered Corky, affecting a half-witted look.

'He shovels shit,' said Henderson scornfully.

'He's a farm labourer,' confided June Plush to Robin, with a knowing little smile. The skinny girl rose to her feet and screamed at her, 'No, he's bloody well not!"

'That will do,' said Robin firmly. 'I don't care for language like that,' adding 'from girls.'

'So *we* can say what we pissing well like I suppose,' said a big surly boy, half way down the room. 'What was that?' asked Robin sharply, aware of something new in the atmosphere. A truculence which had not been there before. 'Do you usually use such language?' The surly boy sat quiet. ▷

IN THEIR OWN VOICE

In An Inside Job *Beverly Sissons describes her teaching routine with a class of illiterate men*

After the Easter break in 1972 there was a sigh of relief because I had come back. All remedial teachers know it. The class has just begun to relax, when the two week holiday comes.

'Will she come back?' they ask themselves, and each other. It really means 'Does she like us?' Well I did, and kept going back for five years, so I think the prisoners knew it too.

We started the new term with enthusiasm. A few men were beginning to want books to read. I had been allowed to choose anything I thought might be useful from the publishers' copies sent to the County Librarian, and one particularly good selection was of easy reading versions of classic stories. I thought they might have been insulting as they were children's classics, but discovered there was a great desire to actually read the books they had heard about.

One morning we sat down with 'Toad of Toad Hall'. Everyone laughed as I cast the play. 'Will you play Ratty? And will you take Mole? And I think you'll be perfect for Toad,' I went on. I gave only the briefest of ideas what the characters were like, but had some difficulty in explaining that they were not to read their names, or the instructions in italics. Finally we decided to plunge in. We left out the first few pages where the nurse sits and the little girl falls asleep and dreams, and Mac, obviously thinking I was making a lot of fuss about nothing, began.

In a good strong voice he read: 'Rat Holy Moly!' (as though it were one word). Everyone burst out laughing. It was written thus:

RAT: Hello, Mole.

We started again and greatly enjoyed the scene.

Of all the ways to help students to gain confidence, reading out loud is the best I have found. Be it play or story there is something magic about hearing your own voice which I found greatly encouraged my students. At a conference in Wakefield in 1973 I found one or two others who agreed with me and who also used plays and poems a great deal, but the official opinion, depressingly, seemed to be that English was a useful tool to be handled seriously, and not a means of having fun.

Gradually a timetable evolved which suited us all. On Mondays everyone worked on the reading 'lab'. The men used to take cards away to do in the evenings all through the week. On Tuesdays we did arithmetic. On Wednesdays we read poetry or a play. On Thursdays we did Geography or worked on any grammar problems anyone had. Sometimes we did short spelling tests, or dictation. I told them briefly about the origins of the English language, and we enjoyed examining pairs of words like motherly and maternal, its Latin cognate; the word bad and its more elegant cousin malicious; the difference between the cows and pigs which the native English looked after while their Norman French conquerors ate beef and pork.

I explained what 'malice aforethought' meant; what 'anon' and 'etc' stood for; and what 'patents' were. I ordered an etymological dictionary for each man. They were cared for and carried to every class, long before they were useful. All my first students used to carry their books tucked into the waistband of their trousers, hidden from the rest of the prison. They put up with a lot of teasing in the first few months but they were determined to learn and were always asking questions. They were a pleasure to teach. □

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'I am speaking to you,' said Robin.

'Who sir? Me sir?' said Corky, raising a little smile among the class.

Robin looked past him. He concentrated on the big surly fellow. 'This is it,' he thought. 'I've got to show them who's the boss.'

'I am speaking to you boy,' he snapped, glaring straight at the truculent youth.

'I've gotta name, you know,' he replied.

'What is it?'

'Runtiman'.

'Well, Runtiman,' smiled Robin poisonously, 'perhaps you would be so good as to answer my question. If, that is, it is not too much trouble?'

'Yeh! It is!' said Runtiman. A sigh escaped the girls.

'I BEG YOUR PARDON?' enunciated Robin loudly. Two little boys at the front giggled nervously. He glared at them. Unsure of him, they were quelled.

'You heard,' said Runtiman.

'I'm sorry,' said Robin suddenly relaxing and changing his tone of voice as he realised Runtiman was a master of insolence. 'I think we're all getting a little over-excited. I don't like to hear boys swearing either. Now,' he said clapping his hands and looking cheerfully round the room. But before he could continue, Corky said, 'Are you interested in history books, Sir?'

'Yes, of course,' said Robin. 'Well perhaps you'd like to see my book then,' said Corky and he held out a book to Robin, hesitantly. Confused by this change of tack, Robin said, 'Oh very well, bring it here.' Corky rose slowly and with great dignity he carried the book to the front of the room. Robin took it and opened it at random. A girl, naked, gazed at him petulantly over her pubic hair, her breasts lolling. Realising he'd been conned Robin was horrified to find he was blushing and sweating. There seemed so little to say. He wanted to hit Corky across his politely smiling face. He wanted to kill him. He said, 'I shall confiscate this.'

'I knew,' said Corky. 'I knew you'd want to keep it, sir, but it belongs to my father. So perhaps you'll let me have it back at four o'clock when you've had a look at it.' Then with a simper, he glided back to his desk.

DINNER DUTY

'Wednesdays came round very fast' thought Robin, who hated dinner duty. 'Coming?' called Oggy across the fuggy warm staffroom. 'Ready when you are,' said Robin grimly stubbing out his cigarette. The two men set off down the wide corridor. Untidy lines of children bulged on either side.

'Sharpen your ideas up,' called Oggy. 'No dinners for pushers.'

'Bollocks,' said a voice.'

Oggy strode on. Robin felt it would have been better to do something about such remarks. But what? He merely kept pace with Oggy, trusting the older man to get him through this weekly nightmare. He looked neither to the right, nor to the left. At the door he tweaked a small boy's ear.

'Get into line properly,' he snapped. 'Don't you knock me about, Hitler,' snarled Wilson, his ear scarlet from the tweak. Robin began to seethe, but Oggy interrupted before he could speak.

'What did you say, Wilson?' he asked.

'Nothing, sir.'

'Well, don't let me hear you say it again."

'No, sir. Sorry, Sir,' said Wilson, and grinned.

Oggy glared down the corridor. Nearly a hundred and fifty chattering children were shoving each other. Behind him the dinner staff waited, tongues sharpened, ladles at the ready, for the 'first dinner' to enter. 'That's enough,' he said sharply. 'Silence.' The hungry children fell quiet. 'Will you open the doors please, Mr Watson?' The hungry children packed in the corridor began to edge forward. 'About bloody time,' said an angry voice. The first ten girls filed past Robin. He went to supervise the tables.

'Mince or pie?' growled the dinner server with the bad varicose veins. 'Bloody kids, don't know when they are well off,' she thought. 'Isn't there anything else?' simpered June Plush. A dollop of mince landed on her plate. 'Get a move on,' said the server. 'That'll teach you to be cheeky,' and she put down her ladle and picked up the slice to serve pie to the next girl. 'Sir! Sir!' screamed June Plush. 'I wanted pie and she's given me mince.'

'What?' said Robin, who was the nearest available sir. 'What is it June?' he asked solicitously, her admiration for him warping his judgement. Forty hungry girls were pushing up behind her. Oggy was letting them in ten at a time. He was out of sight.

'Sir! I wanted pie, and she's given me mince!'

'Oh! dear,' he said moving towards her. 'There must be some mistake.'

The server put her slice down and leaned forward over the big trays of food. 'That little madam gave me cheek, sir,' she said, adding cunningly 'and Mister Climpson, the Head Master, said that if they can't decide quick, we are to use our discretion.' And she straightened up slowly and put her hands onto her hips.

The girls, sensing a row, began to perk up. This particular server, called Messy Nessie by the children, was a tartar. Robin hesitated. He couldn't call on Oggy. He had to sort this out. Dinners were getting cold. The queue was growing. June was pouting pathetically at him, her mince helping dribbling slowly across her plate.

'Did you ask for pie?' he asked her.

'Yessir,' she lied.

'She asked,' said Messy Nessie, in a voice of steel, 'if there was anything ELSE?'

The truth of this hit Robin like a brick. 'Well, June, you'll have to be a bit quicker in future,' he said briskly. June flung her plate onto the floor and dashed for the door, where she was caught by Oggy, coming to see what the hold up was.

I SPENT five years in schools like this, and five more learning to teach adults. My reward was to be invited to take the first full time prison class in Scotland, at H.M. Prison, Peterhead.

There I was to meet all the same characters again.

Dixon, the gang leader extortionist, so good at the blank face, so sparing of language, supported by his henchmen. They added to his status and gained themselves by association with him. He was feared and obeyed and what he wanted, he got. His sidekicks weren't sure whether they liked him, but they were loyal.

McNulty, the small tough fighting man, who had graduated from grievous bodily harm to using a knife and killing with it. Corky, quick witted, self-reliant, charming and popular, willing to steal anything for the fun of it. Always looking for an advantage, or a profit. The mean Hendersons for ever ready with the spiteful remark and full of self-importance.

The male equivalents of June Plush too, who were ingratiating, wanting desperately to be liked. 'Sooks' as the Glaswegians call them. The surly soured Runtimans. Big and strong, with records of violence, yet surprisingly gentle in the class. The small much bullied Wilsons who stole and lied habitually, but accepted authority willingly, and grinned.

The frightened little boys, so easily quelled, who were afraid of everyone. They lived, most of them, in the annexe, on protection, as they were grasses or child murderers.

The veneer of maturity and the natural desire to be liked by the lady teacher disguised them for a while, but they were the same kids who had tormented and confused me in school.

Recently the Scottish Prison Officers' Association passed a resolution which, while allowing that basic reading lessons should be continued, wants to 'disallow' all further and higher education unless the prisoner can afford to pay for it. What barbarity this is. But further, what stupidity. □

Beverly Sissons's book An Inside Job *about her five years teaching in Peterhead prison is published by Freshfields, at £6.50 and £4.50. The extracts quoted are from her unpublished novel,* School Scandal.

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Somebody lied

Alison Hennegan

Scotch Verdict: Miss Pirie and Miss Woods v. Dame Cumming Gordon
LILLIAN FADERMAN *Quartet Books* £12.95

BY THE afternoon of Friday, 16 November 1810, it was clear to Jane Pirie and Marianne Woods that the school in which they had invested so much effort, hope and hard-won hard cash was finished. Since Wednesday parents and servants had been arriving to remove pupils, with no apology, no explanation. Lady Cumming Gordon, it transpired, had instructed them to do so. Inexplicable behaviour from one who was the schoolmistresses' friend and principal benefactor, whose willingness to entrust to them her three granddaughters had rapidly attracted other pupils enrolled by socially ambitious parents. Why this sudden change? She refused to tell them. She even tried to refuse to tell the parents until Lady Cunynghame – an intelligent, fair-minded person, herself the wife of a Baronet and not one to be intimidated even by a woman whose country estate was Gordonstoun — insisted.

Lady Cumming Gordon's accusation was twofold. Not only did the mistresses habitually have 'indecent and criminal' carnal knowledge of each other; moreover they did so in beds shared with two of their pupils. Janet Munro, who shared a bed in one room with Miss Woods, would testify that Jane visited Marianne there. Sixteen-year-old Jane Cumming, Lady Cumming Gordon's illegitimate, half-Indian granddaughter who shared a bed in the other room with Miss Pirie, would testify that Marianne visited Jane there. Both girls' sleep was disturbed by the mistresses' passionate indecencies.

Miss Woods and Miss Pirie brought an action for libel against their accuser. For 12 years, from 1811 to 1823, judges, lawyers and witnesses battled to establish the truth in a series of cases — heard behind closed doors with no details released to the public — in the Edinburgh Court of Sessions and the House of Lords.

Duchess of Devonshire and Lady Duncannon

The judges faced an unenviable task. Either they must find two well conducted, highly principled and respected young women guilty of a 'crime' so unmentionable that several of the judges and most of the witnesses clearly never really understood what it was. Or, hideous alternative, they must decide that a tale of such depravity had been wholly invented by young girls (founts of purity) connected with Scotland's best families (bastions of the social order).

They did their conscientious — though often prejudiced and ignorant — best. The obstacles were formidable. Some didn't believe the alleged offence was possible (a reading list, culled mainly from the Bible, the classics and French court memoirs, was thoughtfully provided). Some thought it possible, but not since the fall of Rome. Some thought it possible now, but only in England. Some thought *it* possible, but not the circumstances. Some thought that since it was impossible, the pupils must have made it up. But that was, clearly, impossible. Doubly so for some of the judges who shrank from the prospect of telling Lady Cumming Gordon that her granddaughter had lied and she herself was Guilty. But *some*body lied. Who? And why?

Romantic Friendships in the early 19th C:

***The Two Friends* (c.1800)**

Lillian Faderman has returned to the 1,200 pages of court transcripts and documents lodged in Edinburgh's Signet Library. During the summer of 1982 she and her lover, Ollie, attempted to unravel and interpret the events of 1810. Modernised and amended extracts from the court transcripts form the core of the book. Through and around them Faderman weaves other material. She provides impressionistic pen portraits of key individuals. She attempts reconstructions of missing information and tries to make sense of the many glaring inconsistencies revealed by both witnesses and judges. And, drawing on her own and her friends' and lovers' experiences as 20th-century lesbians, she offers anecdotes and insights which illuminate, confirm or contrast with the lives led inside a tiny, enclosed, all-female community 175 years ago.

Double portrait by George Henry Harlow

Fully aware of the dangers of imposing today's assumptions upon the past, she skilfully employs a dramatic device by which she and Ollie each represent and argue for two very different approaches to the material. For Ollie human sexuality is a constant: all women, however harshly penalised or suppressed, have always known the erotic potentialities of their own and other women's bodies. Many of them have always shared and expressed that knowledge with each other. Clearly Jane and Marianne were lovers: their pupils told the truth. Different societies and ages cope with the fact of love between women in different ways and it's always a greater problem for men than for women. The easiest way to cope with it is to deny its existence. Hence the eternal tension between the 'unthinkable' and the constantly thought.

For Faderman it's less simple. Social pressures, she argues, can so shape the individual's sense of self and need that even 'drives' or 'instincts' seemingly so essential and immutable as sex can be endlessly transmuted and re-formed. They can become attached to seemingly inappropriate objects or they can disappear altogether. One and the same form of behaviour can be condemned and commended within the span of a single lifetime. Perhaps, she suggests, Jane and Marianne were unfortunate enough to find a spotlight turned on their relations in just such a period of transition, when the previously encouraged intimacies of Romantic Friendship were in the process of becoming taboo.

In *Scotch Verdict* she identifies prevailing assumptions about female sexuality, class and race which underlay witnesses' evidence and judges' verdicts (servants' testimony is easier to discard than young ladies'; it's easier to believe that the half-Indian Jane Cumming's imagination could fabricate the indecent than that Janet Munro's pure Scottish one could, unaided). She believes that Jane and Marianne visited each other's beds for solace, to exchange the kisses and caresses proper to Romantic

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Friendship, to snatch a few precious whispered moments of the conversation impossible to have during their gruelling working day. She doubts that they were ever lovers in today's sense. She believes Jane Cumming lied for reasons which leave her, to her surprise, sympathetic to the girl: lied from resentment (fuelled by years of racist slights) at the school's harsh discipline and in the hope that once she told her tale she would be removed from pupillage and allowed to enter an adult world of luxury and freedom. She sought her escape, not their downfall. In the end, ostracised by society, banished by her family, she fell with them. □

FICTION

Acts of faith

Colin Greenland

One Last Mirror
ANDREW HARVEY *Cape* £7.95
The View from Coyaba
PETER ABRAHAMS *Faber* £9.95 & £4.25
Merle and Other Stories
PAULE MARSHALL *Virago* £9.95 & £3.95
Across the Water
GRACE INGOLDBY *Michael Joseph* £8.95

A 70-YEAR-OLD Sri Lankan woman falls in love with a 25-year-old Englishman, a homosexual poet swanning moodily around the East. At first they exchange unpleasantries, and later dreams, holding hands while they totter, pilgrims from decadence to grace. As devotional tract Andrew Harvey's **One Last Mirror** is, no doubt, perfect, every pearl in place. It out-Hesses Hesse. It might even have been interesting if the narrator showed more sign of being 70 or Sri Lankan. As it is, she and her manic-depressive angel are ethereal beings, exhibiting their wounds in a beautiful vacuum, insulated by the narcissism of wealth. This vanity Harvey mystifies indefatigably, but he won't, can't, look at it.

The View from Coyaba is of a different religious procession, a *son et lumière* of black spiritual history with the voices of Nkrumah, Amin and others. Peter Abrahams chronicles the labours of a family through four generations of Christian service and ministry. Each scene illustrates a specific date (given in the blurb, but not in the text — a peculiar side effect of Abraham's detached manner): Jamaica in 1833; Alabama in 1912; Uganda in 1953; and so on. Two runaway slaves build their own church, which, like subsequent churches, attracts a loyal congregation and antagonists who burn it down. But the slaves' grandson leads an American mission to Liberia and becomes bishop in Uganda; and his son, a medic and freedom fighter in Algeria, has his own accommodation to make with Christ, 'the greatest revolutionary of them all'. The independent black church keeps the faith that is corrupted by white imperialists.

I would have thought there was great potential in the irony of an authoritarian missionary creed being taken up as a gospel of liberation, but Abrahams doesn't examine black Christianity, he celebrates it. At the heart of his novel is not the passion of self-determination but the patience of self-denial; the whole thing sublimates itself beyond white unbelievers like me.

In the essay placed as introduction to her retrospective collection **Merle and Other Stories,** Paule Marshall indicates the extent of her linguistic inheritance 'From the Poets in the Kitchen': her mother's friends stopping by for tea after doing other people's chores all day and before going home to their own. 'While my sister and I sat at a smaller table over in a corner doing our homework, they talked — endlessly, passionately, poetically, and with impressive range.' The six stories that follow show her learning to find and make black voices, from the decidedly stagey Cassie in 'The Valley Between' (1954) — 'I should have just finished up one phase of my life before starting another' — to the ebullient but elusive heroine of 'Merle' (1983) — "'I tell you," she cried triumphantly, "everything's going down down to grass. We're seeing the last days now."'

'By the time I was 8 or 9,' Marshall recalls, 'I graduated from the corner of the kitchen to the neighborhood library, and thus from the spoken to the written word.' If the speech was authentically black, the writing was predominantly white: 'Thackeray, Fielding, Dickens and the others.' What's interesting here is that Marshall's own stories enact her gradual rediscovery of black voices within a thoroughly English form, which she was handling with complete confidence from the first. 'The Valley Between', in which Cassie grows out of her marriage, and 'Brooklyn', a melancholy portrait of an aging teacher driven by loneliness to make sexual overtures to a student, both hinge on moments of meaning, moral and emotional encounters between painfully separate consciousnesses, described by a disembodied, sympathetic narrator; so does 'Barbados'; so does 'To Da-Duh, In Memoriam'. Not that there's any conflict between the fiction of liberal humanism and the increasingly radical use Marshall has for it, because she too affirms the primacy of the individual. She is a writer who believes her characters are alive, even falls in love with them, because she has so much vested in them.

Grace Ingoldby is in no danger of this. **Across the Water** is written with a scalpel rather like Shena Mackay's, but with a steadier hand. Ingoldby gathers her specimens in a crumbling Georgian house outside Enniskillen in the heat of 1976 and sets them at each other's nerves. Aimee Hamilton, tiny-minded wife of a semi-successful playwright, is not pleased to have been bundled off with their young son for a summer at her squalid in-laws'. Desmond's brother Boyle, feckless and miserable, is shuffling towards a nervous breakdown; the old man is just never there. When Desmond himself arrives, bringing a BBC crew to do an Ireland documentary ('Celtic twilight . . .counterpoint to bombs in prams'), Aimee revenges herself on him by falling in love with the repellently decent Captain Mark Robbins, on his third tour. They play badminton in the unkempt garden and footsie under the dinner table.

Synopsis reduces Ingoldby's victims to caricatures, but they have an inner vitality too. She shifts fluently from incriminating insignia to internal monologue and back again. She knows what it feels like to be them. 'For Aimee, the hand that reached out to hers was very welcome; a pleasantly experienced and gentle hand, a new hand, above all an English hand; for all she knew their mothers might well have played each other at tennis.' The wit is accurate and very funny; trenchant, but never dismissive, because it cuts through to an underbelly that is soft and ugly and sad. These people are at the same time culpably foolish and certifiably helpless. Contingency, histories national and personal, the weather, all have it in for them. A spoiled pastoral, the Irish landscape shimmers in the unwonted drought, giving glimpses of the imminent violence, but never revealing when or whom it will strike. □

Chain of evil

Anne Smith

The Fix
BRIAN FREEMANTLE *Michael Joseph* £10.95

IN AN IMPASSIONED comment on the death from cholera of Jo the crossings-sweeper in *Bleak House,* Dickens points out to the complacent bourgeoisie of England that their neglect of the poor will ultimately rebound on them, with terrible consequences. Brian Freemantle's masterly investigation of the world's drug trade shows a similar chain of cause and effect, but on an infinitely larger scale: with little more political consciousness than Dickens's Jo, the peasants in the Golden Triangle, the Golden Crescent and South America, by their cultivation of hard drugs, exact a fitting, ironic revenge on the West.

In the United States, according to Freemantle, drug use in the factory and office is estimated to cost the country $25,000,000,000 a year. In Britain, the figure for economic, social, health and crime-related losses is put at £1,446,000,000. And growing. Peru's illegal drugs trade brings in a billion dollars a year — 'rivalling and some say easily surpassing the country's chief export, oil'. Marijuana is America's second largest cash crop. When the son of Roberto Suarez of Bolivia was arrested in the States on a drug-running charge, his father did a deal with the American State Department: in exchange for his son's release, Suarez agreed to settle Bolivia's foreign debt of $4,000,000,000 'by installments' — which must have been to him, with his income of $600,000,000 a year from drug-dealing, the equivalent of a working man paying up a bedroom suite.

But the global villains are local Robin Hoods. Suarez himself, Freemantle tells us, 'has personally built and equipped hospitals, paved roads, and housed the country's poor'. Pablo Escabar, Colombia's leading drug baron, 'has built and given away three hundred houses to the poor in the Medellin valley' and is in the process of building another four thousand. Fidel Castro's brother Raul is said to supervise

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the Cuban drug trade, which brings £1,379,000,000 into the island annually. FARC and M-19, left-wing Colombian revolutionary organisations, work for the drug barons there, 'receiving money and arms in return for service as guards and protectors on their vast marijuana estates'.

Which goes to show that there's nothing like the drug trade for exposing the hypocrisies of the power-struggle in individuals, parties and nations. Harry J. Anslinger, for example, once Commissioner of the US Federal Bureau of Narcotics, supplied Senator Joe McCarthy with morphine. Here, the Conservative government's well-publicised allocation of new funds to combat drug abuse, when the figures are boiled down amounts to an investment of £1.53 per addict per week. Britain contributes £100,000 a year to the UN Fund for Drug Abuse Control — a sum which would hardly keep Suarez Jr. in sweeties. Private doctors in this country, who can earn that much in one year by writing a mere 20 prescriptions a day for addicts, were shown in a survey to be seriously over-prescribing.

Brian Freemantle does not attempt to analyse the causes of the massive growth of drug-abuse in the West, nor does he dwell on the misery and degradation of addiction itself. He does, however, reveal some incidental and alarming information. For example, that 'of the 5324 [American] servicemen transferred from nuclear weapons work' in 1980, '1726 were guilty of drug use'. Fourteen servicemen were discharged for drug use at Greenham Common alone last year. At least as frightening is the revelation that

> By the time Reagan came to power in Washington, the Department of State's Agency for International Development — AID — had evolved a plan to spray the 250-mile long Huallaga River Valley [in Peru] with crop-destroying herbicides. The polluted river would inevitably have spread these toxic chemicals through a vast area of Latin America. At one time the herbicide under consideration by AID was Agent Orange. . .

At the same time, America has the best record for fighting drug-abuse; its legislation on the subject has been progressively enlightened, more so under Reagan.

Yet, as Brian Freemantle points out, the war is being lost on all fronts. He makes a convincing argument for decriminalising marijuana, pointing out that after this was done in the Netherlands and controlled distribution centres were introduced, the percentage of the population between the ages of 13 and 25 who were users dropped from 15 to two. Freemantle would extend the principle to heroin, basing his argument partly on the need for governments to recognise that there will always be people who have to have drugs in order to cope with life.

Addicts, he says, should be treated by GPs, as people with an illness, rather than as criminals, especially since throwing users into jail for drug-taking (as distinct from drug-peddling) only reinforces their addiction — drugs are taking over from tobacco as prison currency. Not only would this approach go some way to deglamorising the drugs subculture, but

> Heroin produced under controlled conditions, of a known strength and administered to addicts with a known tolerance, would cause far less organic damage than either the freely available, heavily advertised and lucrative — to the government as well — alcohol and tobacco.

Certainly this sort of radical, pragmatic rethinking is long overdue; as long overdue, in fact, as is a similar reassessment of the hypocritical Western attitude of patronage to the Third World countries. Perhaps even the simple realisation that, as long as there are no roads to link the hinterlands of these countries with the main cities, it is far easier and more cost-effective for the farmers to grow the highly portable coca and marijuana leaf will eventually operate as a corrective. Perhaps.

On the frontispiece Freemantle quotes the Health Minister Kenneth Clarke as saying, apropos drug-abuse, that 'the chain of evil goes round the world'. That's probably truer than he knows, and our responsibility for it is more direct than we have so far acknowledged. *The Fix* must be required reading, not just for politicians (but especially for them) — in tandem, perhaps, with *Bleak House*? □

Fighting talk

Nicholas Murray

Ireland and the English Crisis
TOM PAULIN *Bloodaxe Books* £12.95 & £5.95

IN THE QUIET quadrangle of contemporary British poetry, disturbed only by the soft hum of secret narratives and the modest gaiety of the Martian school, the harsh, argumentative, sometimes elliptical voice of Tom Paulin breaks in sharply. 'Perhaps looking at most of my work you wouldn't think I'd any feelings other than bitterness and hatred,' he once conceded to an interviewer, and that costive tone is present in this remarkable collection of essays and reviews which nicely complements the three books of verse, and occasionally sheds light on some of their darker allusions.

The book has a striking coherence which is centred on the passionately committed nature of Paulin's critical intelligence, for which 'politics is a more or less inescapable condition'. His trenchant essays, schooled by the exiguous circumstances of contemporary reviewing to be brief, rapid and incisive, deal with Ireland's literature, North and South — Paulin was born into Northern Protestant stock — her historical destiny, and the 'English crisis' embodied in the contemporary state of literary criticism.

As critical pugilist Paulin delivers a series of powerful left hooks: to the *de haut en bas* progressivism of Colin McCabe; to Conor Cruise O'Brien, charting the Cruiser's voyage from inherited Catholic allegiance to apologist for the Union; to Kingsley Amis and his boorishly misogynist *Jake's Thing* — an argument driven home by some devastating quotations of execrable prose; and to Tom Moore's antics as professional Irishman. But it would be wrong to represent Paulin as a destructive critic. His asperity is in the service not of a personal rancour but of the imagination itself and his affirmations are what matter in this collection. He praises Joyce for his vision, as 'an Irish Virgil', of a cultural identity for Ireland which is 'entirely free from ethnic rancour and chauvinist aggression'. Joyce wished to forge 'the uncreated conscience of my race' in his epic and to offer a more generous republican vision than the 'old pap of racial hatred' peddled by Patrick Pearse. Joyce is represented by Paulin in an exemplary essay, 'The British Presence in *Ulysses*', which triumphantly vindicates a political approach to Joyce as an intransigent opponent of British imperialism whose 'wonderfully capacious imagination' was 'proudly anti-colonial'.

Paulin explores, too, the complex nature of Ulster Protestantism, the ambivalence of Loyalism towards the British connection, its bouts of rancour and self pity, the points of growth, not in 'that dismal philosophy' Official Unionism but in the surprisingly advanced, secular, non-sectarian future now being allowed for by the UDA. The apogee of his exploration of Loyalist culture, however, is the essay on Paisley. Many in Britain regard Paisley as a comic bigot but Paulin probes behind the raucous, Bible-punching exterior to tease out the theological and cultural roots of Paisley's chiliastic rhetoric and puritan egotism, and shows how even he could be brought, perhaps, to contemplate a unitary state, independent of Britain, which, in the words of the New Ireland Forum report, 'would seek to unite in agreement the two major identities and traditions in Ireland'. ▷

A forgotten aspect of the women's movement

The suffragettes were not the only women to be campaigning for the rights of women at the turn of the century. There were also organizations, such as the Women's Industrial Council, which sought to improve the economic and social conditions of women.

Helping Women at Work by Ellen Mappen is a short history of the Women's Industrial Council from 1889 to 1914. The author has brought together a wide selection of the Council's reports, which bring vividly to life the extraordinary conditions and pressures women workers endured and the problems organizing women into unions.

Just published by Hutchinson

EXPLORATIONS IN FEMINISM

£4.50 paper
09 159471 5

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Switching to the 'English crisis' Paulin turns his fire on the post-structuralists:

> The long standing hostility between Grub Street and the Academy has given way to an argument between a loose coalition composed of writers, scholars, journalists and traditional literary critics and a party of theoretical critics and semiotic pedagogues whose manifesto is a book of essays called *Re-Reading English*.

His now notorious review of that volume pulls no punches and lambasts literary critics who scorn the idea of a canon of major works of the imagination and who judge the 'cultural artefacts' *Coronation Street* and *Middlemarch* to be identical in value. His most telling criticism is of teachers of English who 'preach the destruction of their discipline and offer only a few simplistic gestures in its place'. Even if one dissents from the sweeping nature of this dismissal of theoretical approaches, Paulin rightly puts the onus on these critics to say what their affirmations as well as their negations are if they are not to acquiesce in a picture of themselves as lost in a 'terminal self-disgust'. Not that traditional literary critics 'scape whipping. Leavis, 'that sour Puritan', is excoriated for his damaging legacy to Lawrence studies in the shape of a moralistic concern with the writer's Life-mysticism to the detriment of considerations of his formal artistry. Critics like Ian McGilchrist and John Bayley ('formal elaborations upon a beautifully organised void') are equally arraigned for never 'stooping to the vulgar act of discriminating between a good and bad piece of writing'.

Whether writing on Le Carré or Angela Carter, Auden or Wilde, Paulin is consistently 'writing to the moment', engaged, impassioned, informed, fully conscious of history and politics and the formal properties of individual works. This is a riveting collection which justifies Paulin's claim to be 'contributing towards a tradition of critical independence'.

In our topsy-turvy culture where smirking dons moonlight as columnists in the *Sun* and professors deconstruct beermats I applaud Paulin's conviction that: 'It must be possible to speak plainly for a new civility.' □

Boating

Michael Vachon

I was boating on the ocean
Horizon in every direction
Under the enamelled sky.
Waves rose and collapsed again
Pointing their froth tips upwards.
At one point a man bobbed to the surface
Between two waves.
His name was Johnston.
'Quick Johnston' I said
Tossing a dinghy with rope attached
'Get in! I will save you.'
'No, no.' he said 'Go away,
'I don't want to be saved.'

Warts above all

David Bradshaw

The Life of Jane Austen
JOHN HALPERIN *Harvester* £25

ACCORDING to her nephew, Jane Austen was a paragon of geniality whose truncated life 'had been passed in the performance of home duties, and the cultivation of domestic affections'. John Halperin's biography, the most substantial to date, discounts this cheery prodigy, revealing in her place a rather sad figure whose tartness was the stigma of her frustration. The letters which her sister Cassandra bowdlerised or destroyed, he speculates, were those that betrayed this unsatisfied woman behind the family fiction.

The authorised version has found little endorsement for some time, of course, but what distinguishes this life is its emphasis on Jane Austen's 'problems and idiosyncracies and failings'. Halperin presents her as the victim of her culture, ensnared by etiquette, indigence, rank and her sex. The politics of marriage and what Auden called 'the amorous effects of "brass"', so prominent in her work from the juvenilia onwards, were also the major themes of her life.

As a valuable corrective to some of the more idolatrous portraits of Jane Austen, Halperin's account is more than serviceable. But it is far from flawless. For instance, when, as a 23-year-old, the novelist refuses to attend a ball because, as she tells Cassandra, it will be 'very stupid, there will be nobody worth dancing with, and nobody worth talking to', Halperin divines 'a note of sexual desperation' creeping in. Possibly. It is more likely, surely, that she was weary of what Halperin elsewhere in the book calls 'the dance of desire', and simply felt like sitting this one out. Similarly, although Halperin claims she 'must have felt trapped and helpless in the country rectory, shut away from eminent contemporaries and discerning men of the marrying kind', this did not prevent her from fainting when she heard the family was flitting to Bath.

It is suggested here that Cassandra and Jane were taken to Bath as it boasted a prodigious density of eligible beaux, but, if so, the plan was not a success, and for Jane the next few years were her most miserable and penurious. The sisters' wearing of dowdy clothes, which began about this time, was not a premature capitulation to middle age but a token of their straitened circumstances. Now fatherless, their last lodgings in Bath were in the appropriately named Trim Street. Brag and Speculation were their favourite card games. It was only with the publication of *Sense and Sensibility* in 1811 that Jane Austen first enjoyed the semblance of financial independence.

Jane Austen may have not found a husband in Bath, but she did find love at this time. While on holiday with the rest of her family in Devon, in the summer of 1801, she met and fell in love with a clergyman. Her feelings were reciprocated, but, tragically, he died soon after returning home. His identity remains to this day a tantalising lacuna at the heart of her emotional life. Halperin comments:

> Her prospects of marriage were few enough; here was another — the best — snuffed out... The novelist reverted to being only another impoverished spinster.

It was while still recovering from the shock of this ordeal that she accepted Harris Bigg Wither's proposal of marriage the following year, only to change her mind overnight. Halperin suggests that Jane Austen never married for one of two reasons: either she failed to find the likes of Darcy, Henry Tilney and Mr Knightley in real life or the men she did attract felt too threatened by her acumen. Whatever the reason, both Janeites and feminist critics will find much to arouse them in this biography.

Cassandra's vigilance did have its lapses, and we have enough extant letters — and novels, of course — to suggest that her sister's life was not so unremittingly glum as Halperin would have us believe. Jane's celebrated observation that 'Mrs Hall, of Sherborne, was brought to bed yesterday of a dead child, some weeks before she expected, owing to a fright. I suppose she happened unawares to look at her husband,' indicates, perhaps, that she was well aware that marriage was not always the unalloyed blessing it was cracked-up to be. Jane Austen could certainly be spiteful, catty and needlessly malicious, even to those closest to her, but Halperin generally seems much less confident in his handling of the more pawky, smarting — and assertive — aspects of her personality, too ready to condemn her for her nastiness where others relish her wit.

None of the novels are directly autobiographical, and Halperin is interested in them only in so far as they hold evidence of the author's life. Drawing correspondences between the two, however, is a hazardous business and this book at times displays the all too frequent tendency of critical biographies to reduce fiction and experience to a sequence of kindred parallels. Appraisals of the reception and current status of texts within a biography always risk being *longeurs*, but there seems little point in this kind of thing: 'If nice things are nicer than nasty things, then surely *Pride and Prejudice* is a more engaging novel than *Sense and Sensibility*.' □

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What future?

Mervyn Jones

The Future of the Left
ed. JAMES CURRAN *Polity Press* £16.50 & £4.95
Fabian Essays in Socialist Thought
ed. BEN PIMLOTT *Gower Publishing* £19.50 & £8.50

AS WE ALL remember, comrades, the Left suffered a severe defeat at the last election. The Labour Party needs to regain three million voters, mostly working-class. We must learn to set out our intentions in clear, convincing language, and we have a chance to make a start with a book selling in paperback at the reasonable price of £4.95. Thus:

> The preservation of the pre-existing constitutional structure of the Labour Party — with its primary representation of working-class interests by indirect trade union means — has maintained an ever more inappropriate demarcation between its two principal constituencies and has stifled the emergence of forms of politics which could draw in new ones. If the Labour Party is ever to reverse its present involution, it will have to rethink the social alliances upon which it could be based in terms of what they now potentially share in common. At the moment, the emergence of new and potentially unifying strategies is still thwarted by an enduring major premiss of the Labour Party thinking: the perception of one part of its constituency as a homogeneous proletarian estate whose sectional political interest is encompassed by trade unions, and of the other part as a heteroclite aggregate of idealists.

I read this stuff, I read it again, I make myself a cup of coffee. I don't think I can be a homogeneous proletarian, so I must be a heteroclite aggregate. Or perhaps it's Jane, Keith, Betty and the others in the Chalk Farm branch who are the heteroclite aggregate? I'll have to tell them.

Most of the essays in these two books are concerned, in one way or another, with the attitudes of working-class people and with the problem of how these can be influenced in a socialist direction. The idea of entrusting this task, even partially, to working-class writers didn't occur to the two editors. Yet the very first Fabian tract, in 1884, was written by a house-painter. It was entitled 'Why are the Many Poor?' and it sold 100,000 copies. Even before that, in 1881, when there were only 300 organised socialists in the country, William Morris wrote:

> What I should like to have now would be a body of able, high-minded, competent men who should act as instructors of the masses. . .It goes without saying that a great proportion of these instructors and organisers should be working men.

We're also concerned about the attitudes of the younger generation, but the chapter on this subject isn't by a member of it. We're concerned about women and the healthy impact of feminism on Left politics, but only six of these 40 essays are written by women (two of them by Mary Kaldor). We're concerned about

Cath Jackson

blacks and Asians, but they are as absent from the list of contributors as they are from the Labour benches in the House of Commons.

As a matter of fact, if you classify the contributors by occupation (a few essays are written in collaboration), you find that 29 — spell it out, twenty-nine — are academics; seven are journalists, TV people or researchers; four are full-time politicians; and the list is completed by David Edgar, the playwright. As most of them are people I respect and some are my friends, it would ill become me to attack them for sharing my background and habits or to indulge in sneers about Hampstead intellectuals. I refuse to believe, however, that no thoughtful and thought-provoking essays could have been commissioned from house-painters, engineers, electricians, nurses or audio-typists.

The academic bias in the choice of contributors has several bad effects. One, amply illustrated in the quotation above, is the kind of English that gets written. It's fair to say that some of the essays are easily readable and a few are quite punchy, but not one is readable with positive pleasure and the majority contain long passages whose meaning has to be painfully worked out — not because of the depth or subtlety of the thought, but because of the clumsiness and pomposity of the language. The actual words, too, are often not the words familiar to a wide audience. For instance, ordinary people talk about sex and race, but writers in these books talk about gender and ethnicity.

Another disadvantage is that knowledge of realities is derived from observation and not from experience. We do need a generalised description of what is happening to the British economy, and we certainly need a socialist economic theory on which to build policy. But people whose lives are spent inside industry — workers, technicians, managers and indeed owners of businesses, who include a not wholly negligible number of socialists — can contribute insights lacking in even the most thorough academic study.

Yet a third disadvantage, and the gravest in view of our present needs, is that the academic mode of thinking is analytical, not purposeful. The institutions to which actual or potential Labour voters attach importance — the health service, the educational system, the social services, the provision of housing, the essential publicly owned industries — don't work as they should, partly because of Tory onslaughts and partly because of defects in the design dating from 1945-50. In the last election, Labour signally failed to carry conviction that it had the remedies, let alone the formula for further advance. But, as Ben Pimlott points out, in the period when the groundwork for the 1945 victory was laid:

> It was the socialist philosophers themselves. . . men and women like Cole, Dalton, Durbin, Jay, Laski, Tawney, Wootton — who knuckled down to the hard, detailed work of researching and drafting.

There's very little knuckling down in the Curran book and not so much as there could be in the Pimlott book. The most valuable, precise and purposeful contributions are Phillip Whitehead's on education and Brian Abel-Smith's on social welfare. Here we do find what incoming Labour ministers found in 1945: a detailed, far-reaching, yet at the same time practicable plan of action. It's worth pages — and in these books we're given many, many pages — of analytical reflections on the concepts of freedom, equality and so forth. People living in poverty don't particularly care whether a decent level of welfare benefit would endow them with liberty, with equality, or perhaps with human dignity, nor which of these values were uppermost in the mind of the politician ordering the provision. They want to get it.

This leads us to a final and crucial point. Academic thinking, with its emphasis on analysis and theory, gives only minor significance to the factor of political decision. This is made clear in an essay in the Pimlott book by John Eatwell and Roy Green, which is otherwise a trenchant and effective disquisition on economics. They state, only to dismiss, the proposition that

> the solutions to economic problems are fundamentally 'political' and the failure to achieve economic goals is attributable to 'lack of political will'.

One notes the quotation marks, a favourite academic device for branding a line of thought as illusory or unworthy of discussion. But surely there was nothing badly wrong, even in the eyes of the most rigorous left-winger, with the intentions and promises of the Labour government that took office in 1964. Nor was ignorance of economic theory the charge that could be levelled at Harold Wilson, probably the best-educated Prime Minister in this sphere that Britain has ever had. What caused that government to falter, to stagger from expedient to expedient, and to surrender to the enemies of socialism — what, indeed, made Wilson himself a discredited figure — was nothing else than a lack of political will. To harp on this factor may be, as Eatwell and Green think, unsophisticated, but to neglect it is fatal. If Labour gets another chance, undoubtedly in far more adverse conditions, it will be the calibre of Neil Kinnock's political will that will matter more than anything else. □

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Shorter reviews

Stand the Storm: A History of the Atlantic Slave Trade
EDWARD REYNOLDS *Allison & Busby*
£8.95 & £3.95

The Atlantic slave trade was one of the genuine watersheds in human history. Carried on over 400 years and reaching its peak in the 18th century, it changed for ever the respective histories of two continents. In addition, entirely new societies came into existence in the islands of the West Indies. It was even once argued that the industrial revolution in Britain was only made possible by the profits in the trade of African slaves.

The lasting legacy of the slave trade in America is most clearly demonstrated in music. The author gives the obvious examples of gospel and blues, but curiously omits any mention of jazz. And yet jazz, with its astonishing versatility, its ability to absorb diverse and apparently alien influences and in the process expand its own possibilities, seems to me America's greatest contribution to contemporary world culture. It is also the ultimate testimony to the ability of the African people to survive and transcend even the obscene excesses of the antebellum South.

The effects of the trade on Africa itself are difficult to determine, almost wholly because of the absence of written records. On the one hand, it has been argued that technological innovation was arrested because of the sheer rate of depopulation in the worst affected areas, and hence the present disparity in scientific knowledge between Africa and Europe. On the other hand, the steady income derived from the trade undoubtedly stimulated the internal economies of the participating states and paved the way for the lucrative oil trade in the 19th century. At any rate, since the slave trade depended on the active participation of Africans as well as Europeans, in roughly equal measure, one must assume that it was to the benefit of both.

The value of this succinct and readable volume lies in the immense amount of material the author has rendered manageable for the general reader. His excellent bibliography will be an added bonus for those interested in pursuing the subject further.

Adewale Maja-Pearce

Killing for Company: The Case of Dennis Nilsen
BRIAN MASTERS *Cape* £10.95

Like Gordon Burn's study of Peter Sutcliffe, *'. . .somebody's husband, somebody's son', Killing for Company* is the biography of a mass murderer. The portrait that emerges is a largely sympathetic one. Product of a war-time marriage, Nilsen never knew his elusive Norwegian father. Instead, his grandfather became the emotional lodestar of his life. He died when Nilsen was six, and Brian Masters traces the subsequent tragic confusion of love and death to the child's experience of his grandfather's corpse laid out in apparent peace on the living-room table. Homosexuality, when discovered, brought its attendant cycle of guilt and repression through school and the army, and it was not until Nilsen arrived in London in his late twenties that he could express his sexuality with freedom. As a civil servant working in job-centres, Nilsen was extremely hard-working, an outspoken radical and active trade unionist. But his private life was a depressing and lonely round of casual liaisons and failed relationships.

Sympathy for this rather sad and not untypical life evaporates with the start of the killing. In all, Nilsen murdered 15 men between 1978 and his arrest in 1983, admitting also to seven attempted murders. While Peter Sutcliffe's victims were making front-page news, Nilsen's were never missed. Only one, a Canadian tourist, made the national press. The rest were anonymous; that they were heard of at all is due to Nilsen's full confession to the police — and even he couldn't put names to eight of them.

The form was for Nilsen to pick them up in pubs, take them back to his flat for more drinking, and then in the middle of the night to strangle them with a tie. The bodies were washed and kept on the premises (there were six at one time), and eventually dismembered and burnt in bonfires. Nilsen was caught when, after he moved to an attic flat with no access to the garden, the flesh of his victims fed down the lavatory blocked the drains.

Why did he kill? It never failed to amaze Nilsen himself. 'I am about the least likely killer that I know,' he wrote in the copious notebooks Brian Masters has seen. He abhorred violence, derived little obvious sexual satisfaction from killing and certainly entertained no hatred for his victims. Rather the reverse: he liked the men he killed. As the remark that gives the book its title indicates, he killed, at least in part, for company — to stop them going away in the morning. He also saw death as a release from the burdens of life and as conferring an enviable beauty. For years he had fantasised about himself as a corpse, posing in a mirror as his own dead love-object. Then, at the end of 1978, when Nilsen was at his lowest and loneliest ebb, and under the influence of alcohol, fantasy broke through into reality, and he had his first real corpse. Thereafter, it became all too easy to succumb to the 'killing trance' — 'Next morning, there was another body'.

While it inevitably provides matter for the prurient, one has on the whole to agree with Anthony Storr's postscript assessment of *Killing for Company* as a 'sober, unsensational account' of this grievous and terrifying tragedy.

Simon Rae

Ezra Pound and Dorothy Shakespear: Their Letters 1909-1914
ed. OMAR POUND and A. WALTON LITZ
Faber £25

The price is rather steep, but apart from that, *Ezra Pound and Dorothy Shakespear: Their Letters 1909-1914* is an unmixed delight. The five years of the title represent the period of their courtship but also that of Pound's growing fame, and the letters are in equal part affectionate and newsy — the kind of exchange that the telephone would have killed off.

Perhaps courtship is the wrong word, because Dorothy — daughter of Olivia Shakespear, the literary hostess and friend of Yeats's, descended from Thackeray and cousin to Lionel Johnson — was clearly in love with Pound from the first time she saw him. With him, one is less sure: the style of self-presentation is so masterful and professional, his bejewelled phrases and polyglot greetings and signings-off never reveal as much. But at the same time, this is not an unequal correspondence: that's the joy of it. Dorothy may have acted as part-research-assistant, part-disciple to him, but she demanded things in return, and she always kept her independence of mind: 'An interesting, but exhausting day. Began by reading yr. poems in the morning. Then helped O.S. choose two summer hats.' The casualness betokens confidence. And she is capable of being every bit as sharp as he is: a novel by a mutual friend contains the character of 'a young man called "Dorus Callando" who lay among lilies all night & is Oscar Wilde, without the bitter-sweetness.' Pound in turn keeps her fully informed of developments on his side.

The sticking-points of the relationship are the related questions of propriety and money. Letters from Dorothy's mother and father to Pound strike into this correspondence like bolts from the blue, but his replies are some of the best things in the book, totting up his expected income for Mr Shakespear, objecting ferociously to a wedding in church (on grounds of religion!), and giving (unasked) a magisterial account of the difficulties of getting a divorce in America. The book ends, with tact and devotion, with a copy of the invitation to the wedding. Throughout, it is superbly edited, so you feel nothing in it has escaped you, nor has anything been interposed between you and the two main actors, two fearless and gentle young people.

Michael Hofmann

Development Theory in Transition: The Dependency Debate and Beyond: Third World Responses
MAGNUS BLOMSTROM and BJORN HETTNE
Zed Press £16.95 & £6.50

This is a really *useful* book. I picture the authors as a sort of smoothly neutral and supremely efficient Swedish intellectual combine harvester: cutting through the tangled and exotic skein of recent debates on dependency theory, separating different strands, neatly categorising and baling them; processing them into bite-sized chunks.

The sub-title is more accurate than the title proper, since references to mainstream development theory are cursory. What we have here is an extremely lucid introductory survey of dependency and all its works: the Latin American 'structuralist' critiques of neo-classical orthodoxy which preceded it and the varieties of Marxist alternative which followed and harried it. The authors seem to have read everything, met and talked to almost everybody, and they report it all clearly and fairly.

You expect weaknesses in a book of this nature, but they are surprisingly few. The couple of pages on China aren't much use, and those on the NICS (Newly Industrializing Countries) of East Asia scarcely begin to grasp the challenge these countries pose to the dependency expectations in several ways. For one thing, they place theoretical debates firmly in their real-world contexts (post-war Latin America, newly independent Africa and Asia) and relate them not merely to the particular groups of intellectuals involved in the debates but also to broader social currents. So we get not only the ideas of Gunder Frank, but the background and 'noises off': the Cuban revolution, Guevarism and Regis Debray (whatever happened to him?).

In fact, the degree of specificity is quite striking: variations of discussion not just by continent, but by region and even by country are faithfully (if briefly) recorded. The Caribbean deservedly gets a chapter to itself for its galaxy of intellectual stars, while important national debates in and about Kenya, Tanzania and India are all covered.

What comes across most of all is, as the authors intend, the irreducible fact that (despite important expatriate contributions) dependency is the Third World's *own* perspective. For this reason among others I share the authors' rather positive evaluation of the impact of the school as a whole (somewhat unfashionably, just at the minute), despite being well aware that its core ideas are slippery and some of its reasoning sloppy. In any case, even as a sort of retrospective this book will be extremely useful to students and others wanting a quick initial Cook's tour of the field; a utility marred only by the absence — astonishing, and scarcely forgiveable in a work of this nature — of an index.

Aidan Foster-Carter

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FILMS

Cobblers

John Coleman

Brazil (15)
Odeon, Leicester Square
Places in the Heart (PG)
Classic, Haymarket
L'Amour à Mort (15)
The Berkeley at the Classic, Tottenham Court Road; the Arts at the Classic, Chelsea

Jonathan Pryce getting lost in *Brazil* and (above right) Fanny Ardant in *L'Amour à Mort*

'IF YOU WANT a vision of the future, Winston, imagine a boot stamping on a human face for ever.' Thus O'Brien famously and infamously in Orwell's *1984*. Terry Gilliam is, of course, the US maverick, among our home-bred Monty Python weirdos, who rather specialised in animating boots — cartoon crushers that came abruptly from the skies to squash almost anything. And his track record as a director — *Jabberwocky* and *Time Bandits* — has shown him to be a man of pretty deep and random misanthropy, quite brilliant at staggeringly vast nightmare effects, less happy when it comes to inhabiting them with folk. His tendency has been towards shit-smeared Candides, troupes of dwarfs, unfeeling kids: little people, both metaphorically and actually, lost in huge environments. You could call his results Kafkan, with more than a touch of Jarry, if you felt kindly disposed.

His **Brazil** is another big-scale gesture in the same gloomy direction, a sort of futuristic flourish (as writer-director he has no love for the present tense *per se*) borrowing from Orwell and maybe Lang's *Metropolis* to furnish a bureaucratic and unbrave new sordid and tarnished world. Jonathan Pryce, who has the sort of phiz to play Everyman or nobody, stumbles through this bleak, facile, phantasmagoric City of Dreadful Night, blocked in by oddly old-fangled giant hoardings as he tries a countryside escape: a wan hero with a mama (Katherine Helmond of *Soap* fame) constantly having face-lifts if not upheavals, with a job at Information Retrieval and a disruptive yen for a truck-driving gal (Kim Greist) who may be a terrorist.

The piece deals in the sick-surreal, with Pryce imagining himself as a cloudy, winged avenger after a blonde, gauzed beauty and grey hordes (downtrodden plebs?) swarming wherever he lands. A computer cock-up, caused by a dead fly fouling up the works, is the best joke around in this flashy mish-mash, with its sentimental sound-track irruptions from the song 'Brazil' and some of its words — incredibly — supplied by Tom Stoppard. The sets are steepling, monumental, attention-summoning in their gradations from worker's cubicle to the mile-high amphitheatre where Pryce achieves an equivocal release. Unfortunately, they bury a cast comprising Ian Holm, Robert de Niro (in bit-part), Michael Palin playing nasty and Bob Hoskins likewise. Full of eye-arresting bits, the event is empty of content, of an overriding sequentiality such as Orwell achieved in *his* extraordinary extrapolation. This one plays ugly-cute, is gaudily stupid, an inept cobbler's job-lot.

Robert Benton, an Altman find, has made some good city-wise movies, after co-authoring *Bonnie and Clyde*. But deep in the otherwise comfy soul of successful urban — and urbane — American directors seems to lurk a need to tell all about their down-beat, country roots. Hence **Places in the Heart**, a part-autobiographical return by Benton to his township of Waxahachie, Texas, stunningly photographed by Nestor Almendros as it was back in the Depression Thirties.

I have to confess on the spot that the perpetual emotions of Sally Field, actress already Oscared for her stint as titular heroine in *Norma Mae*, leave me unmoved. Reviewers, maybe, should announce their prejudices re performers: Ms Field, with her *jolie-laide*, if not downright nondescript countenance, registers as a sort of palimpsest performer, ready for anyone's scribble. Here she's an heroic widow (her sheriff hubby shot down accidentally by a wild black boy), with two kids and debts. Aided by another black and sheltering blind Will (John Malkovich) at her bank manager's blackmailing insistence, she makes a stunning go at getting her cotton crop in first, to win a prize. Her hamlet's amorous and KKK dealings are established, with a kind of glancing firmness; there's one hell of a storm when she and hers emerge from a bunker to find the landscape laid low, a wilderness of rubble; spunkily, she soldiers on, through a decently detailed context of torrid suns (as they toil in the fields) and country dances.

It is all thoroughly honest-seeming stuff and could have been made not on the spot — as it was — but in a studio with a few inserts of fields. Mr Benton's direction leaves not a cliché unturned as it plots the unwavering widow's fate, with astute sidelights on the fates of her neighbours. It is one for the citified perils that beset such a studied shot at recreating nostalgia's homeground. That it is filtered through experiences of other movies, other rooms, so that one can predict coming joys and turbulences, is simply sad. The period piece moves, all right, but fails signally to move the nodding spectator. Perfect plastic.

Alain Resnais' lousily punning **L'Amour à Mort** discovers him in sub-Bressonian mood, making a moody meal of the semantic traps inherent in the word 'love'. This tiresome little exercise turns on an archaeologist who dies and is resuscitated to the delight of his mistress of four months' duration, to her suicidal despair when he dies for real again. Intervening in this fuss about the difference between agape and eros are a pair of married Protestant pastors (what a waste of the exquisite worth of Fanny Ardant as the eros-inclined missus), innumerable cuts to a snow-flaking sky, countable ones to a blank screen and home-grown yawns at the sheer pretentiousness of a sparse occasion, in no way improved by the hyping of some elegiac music from Hans-Werner Henze. □

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ART

Quiet revolution

John Spurling

Recalling the Fifties
Serpentine
Elisabeth Frink
RA

BRYAN ROBERTSON's **Recalling the Fifties** was originally shown in Paris last autumn under the sedate title *English Contrasts*. It is not a sedate show, since the art of the Fifties still arouses strong feelings. Robertson has left out most of the figurative artists usually associated with the period and concentrated primarily on abstract art which he sees as 'the crucial addition to visual language in the 20th century'. And twitching his red cape still more provocatively he writes: 'In the fifties, abstract art was strong and lively, and figurative art seemed mostly weak and retrogressive.' Thus only seven artists who appeared in *The Forgotten Fifties* exhibition last year are recalled in this one and Jack Smith, the doyen of the 'kitchen-sink' school, is represented only by a near-abstract, the splendid 'Snow-Storm in a City'.

But the old vexed question of abstraction versus figuration is not really the point, either for Robertson or for the visitor to his show. This is even less an art-historical exercise than *The Forgotten Fifties* was, but rather a careful selection of what looked good at the time and still looks good today. At least this is true of the paintings; most of the sculpture at the Serpentine now seems very dated and uneasy with itself, probably because it was more pretentious and less domestic than the painting, attempting a mythical, semi-symbolic dimension which the British — apart from Henry Moore — have seldom got away with. Sidney Nolan's paintings here do get away with it, but then he is Australian and, although the famous 'Kelly' paintings suggest 'the outlaw' in general, they are in themselves quite cosy, witty little pictures.

The two most immediately noticeable artists in the exhibition are also both figurative and generally associated with the Thirties rather than the Fifties; but one of the virtues of Robertson's selection is to remind us that artists who can be chained to a particular decade and left there to rot are seldom much worth rescuing. Edward Burra and Merlyn Evans tackled overtly political themes in the era of Fascism, but in the Fifties their work was no less powerful or disturbing, only rather more private and ambivalent. Burra's 'The Fire' is, on the face of it, a welcome close-up of the sort of blazing hearth anyone could do with in a winter of austerity, then or now; yet somehow the view is too close and too frontal — the way the image is cropped implies conflagration more than comfort, loneliness more than companionship or even pleasant solitude. Evans's monumental 'Metropolitan Crowd forming a Procession' is more obviously alarming: the figures, cubicised and coagulated into an enormous machine-like structure, are not rooted in their ground but seem to hang down over it, waiting to power something or to collapse in ruins, restless, unharnessed, purposeless.

Elisabeth Frink 'Goggle Head' (1967)

The exhibition includes examples of work by other long-established artists too — Hepworth, Nicholson, Roberts, Sutherland and even Moore — and it looks forward to the Sixties with early pieces by Hockney, Blake and Richard Smith — but its centre is held not by any particular group or school, far less an identifiable movement, but by what Henry James (speaking of his own collected work) called 'accumulated good stuff': careful, thoughtful, solidly constructed, delicately adjusted works by a variety of artists of several generations — Prunella Clough, Adrian Heath, Ceri Richards, Alan Davie, Patrick Heron, Robert Medley, Bryan Wynter — which can be seen now as supplying, by their very avoidance of gimmicks or showbiz, the basis for a revolution in British contemporary art. As Director of the Whitechapel Gallery in the Fifties and Sixties, Robertson more than anyone encouraged young British artists to take themselves seriously and created a public for their work, but he could hardly have done so out of pure optimism. The Serpentine exhibition offers a small sample of what he had spotted in the way of unostentatious craft and imagination at a time when most people were getting steamed up over the kitchen sink and whether art had a socio-political function.

One of the few sculptures at the Serpentine which has not dated disastrously is **Elisabeth Frink**'s 'Bird', probably because it is more bird than mythical creature. Her retrospective at the RA is a reminder that she treads a narrow line between academic blandness and a kind of rhetorical savagery particularly prevalent among Fifties sculptors and that she is usually saved by her sense of humour. Look at 'Judas' giving his absurdly histrionic performance of guilt and shame or the two 'Assassins' trying to melt back into their constituent bronze before being recognised, or the conclave of swollen thug heads thrusting their great cleft chins forward and concealing their tiny, addled brains behind mirror goggles.

It is not simply that she finds the macho male ridiculous, though of course she does, but that what interests her is action or its possibility. Yet action or the thought of action rendered in frozen bronze cannot ever be quite serious and it is a short step from accepting that to seeing living bodies (whether human, animal, bird or insect) as unavoidably comic mechanical devices, whose heroism and pathos partly consists in rising above their intrinsic absurdity. One of Frink's best pieces is 'First Man', an almost stationary naked figure with thin legs, narrow buttocks and a mighty torso, whose left hand is raised to rest on his head and whose lugubrious, smudged features suggest the utter, impenetrable confusion of his thoughts at the moment of first touching himself and registering action. The essential thing is not his maleness, but his self-consciousness. □

THEATRE

Flayed

Benedict Nightingale

Little Eyolf
IBSEN *Lyric, Hammersmith*
The Lonely Road
ARTHUR SCHNITZLER *Old Vic*

EVERY NOW AND THEN it occurs to me that there's something positively indecent about the theatre. Seemingly respectable performers are suddenly transformed into flashers, and audiences into Peeping Toms, though not quite in the way that proved so objectionable to the Whitehouses and Cutlers when they were confronted with *The Romans in Britain*. It's an inner self-exposure I mean, a glimpse accorded us voyeurs in stalls and circle of gland and stomach and bowel and other such hidden organs. When it happens it is, of course, far more disturbing than any simulated male rape or parallel act of druidical beastliness. It makes you feel prying and intrusive, the theatrical equivalent of the newshound with his foot jammed in the bereaved parents' door.

Luckily, perhaps, it doesn't often happen, even when those bereaved parents are actually hauled on stage. It doesn't happen in the RSC's current *Mother Courage* at the famous moment when the protagonist must see but refuse to recognise the savaged corpse of her son, because Judi Dench, mindful of Brecht's dislike of emotional display, conscientiously conceals her face and permits herself no more than a momentary shake of the head, a tiny quiver of the body. It looks as if it might happen at the

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end of the first act of the new **Little Eyolf**, when his parents learn that their crippled son has just been drowned. There is a terrible vulpine howl from Diana Rigg and Ronald Pickup looks plausibly stricken; but then Clare Davidson's production becomes what it was before, a bit glassy and remote.

It did happen last week, though, and in a place I scarcely expected. Julian Fichtner, the protagonist of **The Lonely Road**, is yet to be bereaved and can only technically claim to be a parent. Twenty, 25 years ago, he made a women pregnant on the eve of her marriage to another man and then reneged on his promise to run away with her, leaving her to go ahead with the wedding and somehow convince her husband that her son is his own. But now she's dead; Fichtner is increasingly disenchanted with being what he's become, one of Schnitzler's more world-weary roués; and out comes the secret, though not with the hoped-for result. There are no sentimental rapprochements, no switches of emotional allegiance, scarcely even a hiccough in the family loyalties that have long been established. The future for Fichtner looks more solitary than ever.

This hits him hard, very hard, as Anthony Hopkins most surprisingly shows us. Since his career took off in America and the movies, we haven't seen this actor on the English stage, and the memories he left behind were rather different from the face he presented at the Old Vic last week. Menace and fire were the sort of qualities one primarily associated with him; like Richard Burton, with whom he was much compared, he had a talent for smouldering, then erupting and showering the audience with the hot coals of his fury. Who could forget his brilliantly forceful if misconceived Coriolanus, a sweaty thug obscurely yearning for jackboots and SS flashes? Yet here he is on the same stage where he created that part, an older, sadder, deeper man than one could ever have forecast.

Loss, regret, desolation, despair: all seem within Hopkins's range now. There is a moment, late in the evening, when his long-time friend, himself close to death, curtly enunciates the sort of jaded and bleak philosophy one has come to associate with Schnitzler. All roads, whether or not walked in tandem with others, are lonely roads leading nowhere except the cul-de-sac of the cemetery; only fools and cowards refuse to acknowledge a truth so obvious. And, as he speaks, Hopkins simply stands there facing the audience, something that can't just be glycerine streaking down his cheeks, and in those swimming eyes a look that defies my poor imagination adequately to describe. There's yearning there, but also an icy recognition that it's too late to do anything about the needs and capacities he's just discovered in himself. The man is, so to speak, peering into his own coffin, exhuming his own corpse, helplessly watching his own heart decompose.

For a moment, I felt predatory and exploitative and those other things I mentioned before; but I was, I think, wrong to do so. There are occasions in the theatre when one is, in effect, invited to gorge on pain. There are times when one seems expected to sit there, relish the suffering on display, find a kind of aesthetic thrill in its intimacy and truthfulness, and then go home, murmuring 'What a great performance'. This is more purposeful than that.

If Fichtner's paternal longings weren't very strong and serious, the still-topical dilemma the play presents wouldn't be so urgent, so tough to resolve. Which is the 'real' father — the natural one, or the one responsible for nurture? The one who gave the boy his genes and undeniably feels the pull of blood, or the one who, for all his lapses and flaws, provided the practical support, learned the altruism that the job required and feels an emotional bond at least as powerful? Schnitzler clearly opts for the latter, but not without the anguishing and agonising that Hopkins has, quite rightly in my view, thought it his duty to embody. It's a hard-won conclusion, as it needs to be.

Schnitzler's play is admittedly uneven and so, for that matter, is the direction and acting at the Old Vic. The evening is dull and cluttered at first, and Christopher Fettes hasn't exactly clarified things, or made them anymore immediate, by setting his production in what appears to be a great windowed laboratory. We know that Schnitzler qualified as a medical man, sometimes wrote as if his characters were experimental animals on the dissecting table, took a special interest in the new science of

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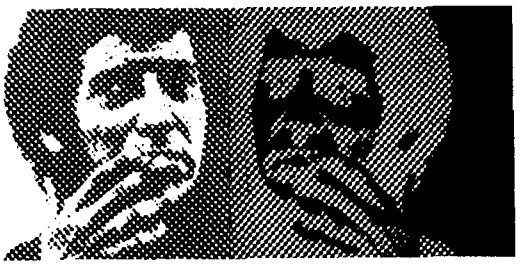

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psychiatry and was fascinated by what was to become a major theme of the 20th-century theatre, the elusive distinctions between appearance and reality — but is it necessary to italicise all this by turning the very scene-shifters into white-smocked technicians with notepads and place a frock-coated doctor on the side of the stage to observe the proceedings throughout?

It says much for the resilience of the play, and for its leading performer, that by the end our eyes are quite shut to this peripheral prankishness and open only to the tormenting questions being asked at the centre.

It's that sense of torment — just to close on a negative note — that's missing at the Lyric. Here are a husband and wife raking through the embers of a bad marriage that seems to have ended with the death of their son and finding in it the tiniest spark of life; and all the skill of Rigg, Pickup, Cheryl Campbell and others somehow cannot convince us that gut, gore and other such essential commodities are involved. Late Ibsen may have a density, a richness and a resonance sometimes called 'poetic'; but performers should surely think carefully before treating this word as a stage-direction. Poetic needn't mean stilted or artificial or vaguely Olympian. Here, it too often does. □

ROCK MUSIC

Boy wonders

Barney Hoskyns

MORRISSEY OF THE SMITHS is still the unlikeliest pop star of all. Watching him jerk and flounder about on *Top of the Pops* last week, I was struck anew by his physical oddness, his contortive pulling at himself, his habit of exposing and rubbing his tummy. He is like a sulky schoolboy trying to annoy the grown-ups.

It is this gauche and petulant youth who gets kneed in the groin by teacher, wants to drop his trousers to the Queen and finally drives us to distraction on **Meat Is Murder** (Rough Trade). The second album by the Manchester quartet is another public airing of Morrissey's dirty socks and soiled memories. One song into the album and he is already griping about 'mid-week on the playing fields' when 'Sir thwacks you on the knees' and 'does the military two-step down the nape of my neck'. It might be Rik Mayall's lisping punk rocker if it wasn't so solemn, if Johnny Marr's cleanly layered guitar riffs didn't give the lines such powerful credence. 'The Headmaster Ritual' is a working-class *If*.

Even when his cinematic eye for details is at its keenest — observing 'the last night of the fair' in 'Rusholme Ruffians' — he comes over as a reproachful, overgrown baby. Here the entire scene seems to be arranged to highlight his walking home alone, excluded, but with his 'faith in love still devout'. (Morrissey can turn sanctimonious and still be mistaken for a saint: in real life the disconsolate killjoy of 'The Joke Isn't Funny Anymore' would be intolerable.)

Part of The Smiths' initial attraction lay in the simplicity and economy of their songs. Morrissey's plummy serenading of his boyhood self was couched in irresistibly perky tunes that stood out in pop's sea of bombast and over-production.

The impression one obtained was of an ostracised and sexually uncertain person letting out a long-repressed cry of defiance and making up for his awkwardness with a resilient kind of narcissism. Anger found its vent at last in the swooning 'Hand In Glove', the sneering 'You've Got Everything Now' — hard folk-rock songs of dense splendour.

The suspicion is that there is no more real passion where those cries came from. The elaborately mounted songs of *Meat Is Murder* ring hollow. It is as though Johnny Marr had designed these ambitious crafts to discover that their only passenger is the wind. Morrissey does not engage with the music, he merely drifts over Marr's glisteningly rocky melodies as though humming to himself. Only the delicate 'Well I Wonder' suggests any cohesion.

As for economy, all the pathos of quiet, careful vignettes like 'Girl Afraid' or 'The Night Has Opened My Eyes' has been sacrificed to over-complicated build-ups and intros and fade-outs. The blustering seven-minute 'Barbarism Begins at Home' is a waste of time and energy and even the disconcerting title track — a mournfully self-righteous indictment of meat-eating — is spoiled by being cluttered up with sound effects.

It would appear that as Morrissey's weirdness has become accepted, so in turn it has become aloof and self-important. A less flighty urchin-boy wonder is Billy Mackenzie of The Associates, a small and stocky Scot who keeps whippets and sings in a frantically operatic post-Bowie tenor to the accompaniment of lush synthetic symphonia. The Associates' **Perhaps** (WEA) is his first album in two and a half years. For the most part of this time he has done precisely nothing, his reputation sustained by a besotted cult of worshippers who have hung on his every move since *The Affectionate Punch* album of 1980.

The reputation is merited, indeed, since Mackenzie's best moments — 1982's *Sulk* and a string of weird and wonderful singles on the Situation 2 label — are peaks of glorious excess, huge confections of glassy keyboards and delirious strings that soundtrack his artificial paradise of glamour and romance. He is certainly the only decent Bowie derivative British pop ever produced.

Perhaps disappoints in comparison, confirming the mediocrity of the singles that trailered it. With the departure of Alan Rankine has gone the giddy sense of *Sulk*'s scale, the fairground whirl and swirl of 'Skipping' or 'Club Country'. The restless drumming of John Murphy has been replaced with a deadeningly metronomic disco beat. Everything that was so ripely exotic about The Associates now sounds clinical and efficient.

It's not enough to gift-wrap the inner sleeve in chintzy blue crepe or seduce us with 'mouthfuls of sour grapes' and 'stains on gorgeous dresses'; not enough to make convincing John Barry movie-theme noises with pianos and strings. These are not sufficient when the fever of Mackenzie's art has paled to a mildly flushed cheek. □

Adapting to nature

Naseem Khan

I HAD WRITTEN my piece about cross-country skiing in my head long before the aircraft took off for Berne. You know the sort of thing — the hiss of skis through silent forests, harmony of self and nature, setting sun stains the snow a pinkish gold. 'You cannot conquer the forces of nature; you must only adapt to them' — Ronald Crawford-Currie's *Cross Country Skiing*. But it was not to be. For I have just returned from a cross-country holiday that undoubtedly takes the biscuit for singularity. If Waymark, the organising agency, had set out deliberately to concoct ten days that would win brownie points for bizarreness, they could hardly have improved on reality.

It must be said, however, that the start of a cross-country skiing holiday has, even in normal moments, elements of absurdity. The airport lounge always seems chockablock with tall, hairy and very tough looking men, and some women. They are dressed in stout weather-proof clothing and give the impression of having their skiboots on already. For the likes of me — untough fine-weather cyclist — they are terribly intimidating. It is easy to wonder whether this isn't one of life's stupider ideas; how about a quick refund and we'll forget all about it, eh? Home in time for tea.

And in this particular case, there's an added alarm. For boldly, spurred on by the joys of last year in Norway, I'd signed on for the Swiss Jura tour. Most of the skiing holidays organised by Waymark (who specialise in cross-country skiing in the winter and walking in the summer) are centre holidays. You stay at the one place and go out on daily expeditions. The Jura tour has you constantly on the move, skiing from village to village with a new base every couple of days, rucksacks on your back. To be honest, however, it's the nomadic life made easy. The bulk of your luggage is transported for you. Your rucksack contains only extra clothing. For, though serious books on the sport draw little diagrams of couples sitting solemnly in paper bags when bad weather strikes, this is hardly something expected in the gentle folds of the Jura. The nearest thing to a bag in your rucksack is likely to be the wrapping for your packed lunch.

Over-confidence, however, is dangerous. Precedents and averages and likelihoods can all break down, and so it proved a week or so ago. We had reached Berne airport (an improbable portakabin at the end of a runway). Magically the hairy sportspeople had faded away yodelling to other centres, to scare the locals there, leaving a residue of 11 refreshingly normal looking people (male and female, singles and couples, from mid-thirties to mid-sixties). As the road wound higher into the Jura, however, it was impossible not to notice one fact. There was no snow. It was a light muggy afternoon. When our coach reached Tramelan, where we were due to pick up our skis, insult was added to injury and it actually started

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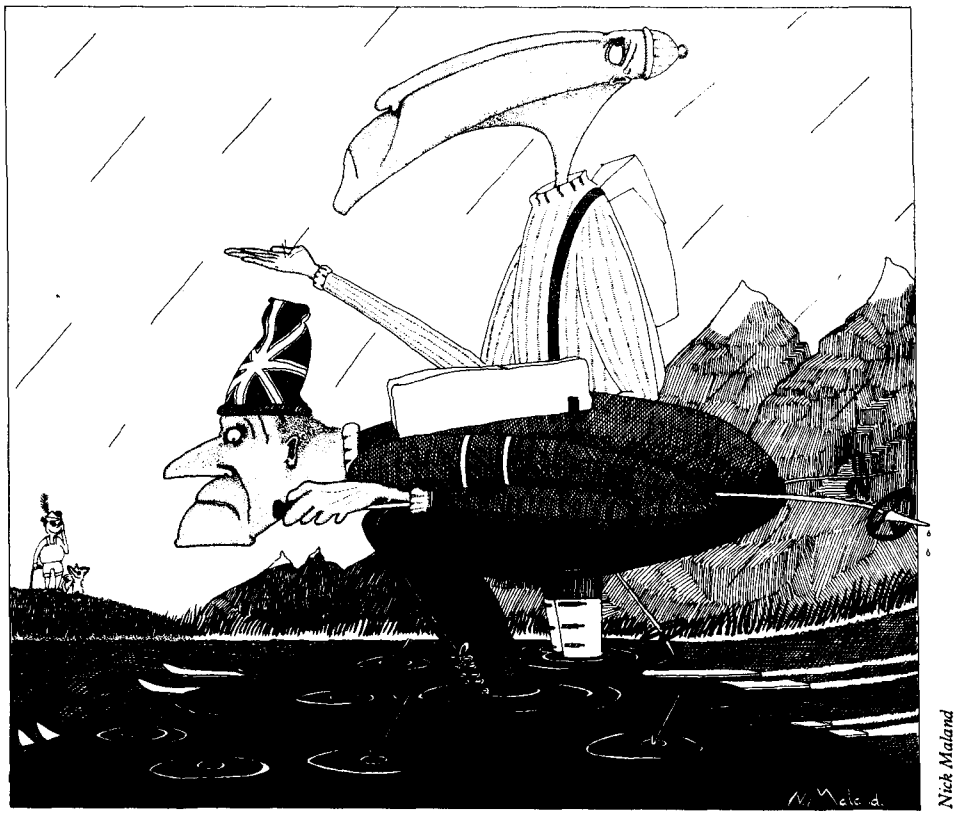

Nick Maland

raining. Well, I can tell you there's few things that make you feel more foolish than walking down a village street in the rain with a pair of skis over your shoulder.

We were not however deterred. No matter that Le Noirmont, our first base, had only small heaps of grey snow stacked in the gutters. Our group leader, a resolute man, packed us off in anything that lay to hand — little local trains, buses, a friendly van — off to anywhere where rumour had it snow had been seen. We skied up wet slopes watched with astonishment by baffled locals *('Ah, les Anglais!')*, over grassy meadows avoiding molehills erupting through the scant snow, round cowpats. Have you ever skied over a ploughed field? Ah, but then you haven't tried to ski the Swiss Jura in one of the mildest early Februaries on record.

There was, of course, more to it than absurdity. Rarely have I had a holiday that was less predictable. What lay round the corner? Nobody knew. Maybe, we said hopefully, it could be snow? On the other hand, we might have to discard our skis before we reached our next stop at La Ferriere, and walk the last few kilometres down to the village over a pasture land as picturesque as a Swiss chocolate box. (And we did.) What would we find at the end of the track at the hamlet of Cerneux-Veusil-Dessus? It proved to be a party with streamers, funny hats and a dancing dog — no less — in an otherwise deserted motel on the fringe of the forest. 'Brigadoon,' muttered members of our party, as the improbable evening stretched on.

But this mystery tour — far, far greater than the brochure had ever intended — was not to last. High-level talks were going on in London and the word came down the wire: we were all, if we wanted, to be sent to Kandersteg instead. (This was exceedingly decent — as well as far-sighted — of the agency who had no obligation to do any such thing.) So, leaving the isolated motel behind, we turned our faces to the Bernese Oberland and a more conventional second half to the tour.

Here I could easily talk about the hiss of skis through silent forests and all the rest of it. And true it would be. Cross-country skiing — the orginal form of locomotion designed not for thrills but for practicality — is quite simply one of the most magnificent pastimes there is. Its virtues could fill many pages — its simplicity, its accessibility, the contrast between its ethos and that of downhill alpine skiing (for you exist with the terrain rather than imposing yourself on it), its startling private beauty.

But for all the delights of the latter half of the tour, it is not the conventional grandeur of the snowy limestone crags above Kandersteg, nor skiing (precariously) down to the spectacular Oechinensee, that I suspect I will remember, but rather the singularity of the first half of the tour. Proof of Crawford-Currie's warning that one cannot conquer nature, it provided a type of skiing that, although not conventionally stretching, none of us is likely to forget for quite a time. It is the clowns of the circus that stay in the memory longer than the trapeze artists; and fallibility can be more attractive than sheer beauty. □

Among this week's contributors:

COLIN GREENLAND is the author of *The Entropy Exhibition: Michael Moorcock and the British 'New Wave' in Science Fiction;* he is also an editor of *Interzone*, the 'imaginative fiction' quarterly, an anthology of stories from which will be published by Dent in April.

DAVID BRADSHAW is working on a biography of Aldous Huxley.

MICHAEL HOFMANN's most recent collection of poems was *Nights in the Iron Hotel* (Faber).

TELEVISION

Hugo Williams

Pity's sake

THANKS TO Ludovic Kennedy, who gave the game away on **Did You See?** (BBC-2), those who missed the last hair-triggered episode of **The Price** (C4) couldn't watch the repeat on Sunday with quite the eye-clawing attention it might otherwise have commanded. But I watched anyway. I could watch Harriet Walter till the News comes on, even if this *was* traditional supremacist casting, victory to the victors, etc. Up against the might of International Computerdom (his) and Royal Shakespeare Company charisma (hers), the terrorist's homely girlfriend didn't stand an earthly of liberating anyone. But then that was the pity and the point.

The series had twice the power of last year's bash-the-natives saga, *The Jewel in the Crown*, building brutally throughout, where the Jewel merely unpicked itself, against toothsome backgrounds, from the moment Susan Wooldridge died.

Two of the Jewel actors, Peggy Ashcroft and Art Malik, seem to have suggested themselves to David Lean for his big-screen remake, *A Passage to India*, which some might call the original. Melvyn Bragg's film, **David Lean: A Life in Film** (ITV) stuck to its subject like an awkward puppy and delivered the goods. He showed us scenes in rehearsal with Lean explaining his thinking to whipped-looking actorlings, then the finished scenes, allowing us to judge for ourselves whether all the brow-furrowing had been worthwhile.

Lean thought actors didn't like him much and it was possible to see why. In a Lean movie, characters are servants, not masters, of plot, whisked hither and thither by destinies mightier than theirs (i.e. Lean's). Alec Guinness clashed seriously with him over the *Bridge of the River Kwai*. 'He told me he saw my character as a bit of a bore,' said Guinness, revealed in interview to be something less than his cool and charismatic screen self. Surely he knew the difference between being and playing a bore? Or was it Lean's other observation that nettled him: 'I was a little bit thrown when he greeted me at the airport and said he had been hoping to get Charles Laughton for the part.' I must say my heart warmed to Lean when I heard this. I enjoyed the image of the Judas with outstretched arms, the smile fading from Guinness's lemony lips. (I suppose Laughton felt his brand of cod couldn't do justice to an actual bore, wrongly in my view.) How blameless it sounded when Guinness claimed he had merely wanted to bring a little humour to the part. In the event, he picked up an Actor for suppressing his oscarly instincts here, and has continued to do so ever since.

Omar Sharif, who seemed to have turned into his grandfather since I law saw him, gave an example of the Lean touch. Resorting to the old ploy of showing action through reaction, Lean

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instructed Omar to react to the hussars' butchering of the mob in *Dr Zhivago* 'as if you're making love to a woman and you're holding back from the climax'. 'Well,' said Sharif, 'I recognised what he meant all right, but I failed to understand how it related to what I was supposed to be watching.' The result, gratifyingly shown straight afterwards, revealed Omar as a cornered spaniel with a look in his circular eyes that no woman would appreciate, no matter how unselfish one was being. For Lean, the film must always come first, it seemed.

Lean described the ghastly grilling he got at the hands of the Critics Circle in the Algonquin Hotel after the appearance of his mega-Turkey *Ryan's Daughter*. 'Someone said, "Mr Lean, tell me how the same man who made Brief Encounter . . ." and these people have sharp tongues you know. I told them none of them would be happy until I made a 16mm film in black and white and Pauline Kael said no, I could have colour.' He claimed that critical rejection had kept him out of pictures for 14 years, but it seems possible that Ryan's massive acceptance at the box-office may have obviated any pressing need to keep on taking his medicine like a man. The programme was a model of how to bring out a personality by being very polite, doing your homework and standing well clear as it starts to self-destruct. But Lean had the last laugh, his new film is another 'masterpiece'.

I have to say that I once more failed to realise that the severely disabled characters in a film were playing themselves. When the grossly disfigured 'elephant man' Chan, in **Born to Live** (BBC-2), tears off his bandages in the ward toilet to see if he has woken up from his nightmare (he hasn't) I assumed that the irony of having to re-enact such a moment was beyond human bravery, but these Chinese put one to shame. Said the tiny, immobile 'glass-bone-man' Long, a saintlike being of rather ordinary happiness and good sense, 'Men must be strong, shed blood, never tears.' In hospital one night, Chan helps him pee and realises there is someone worse off than him. The two become friends and dash round the hospital flogging cosmetics to nurses. 'Be careful,' says Long, as Chan pushes him on a swing. 'If I come off it will be the end of me.' He wasn't kidding. 'Perhaps you'd be better off dead,' says Chan. 'It might be easier living as a ghost.' He throws a stone at his God. Later, he explodes in violence at the hospital party until a nurse tells him, 'If no one will love you, love yourself.' At forfeits he sings 'The Frog Prince' and a disabled girl wheels forward to kiss him: he falls over, destroyed, ecstatic, reborn. Later, we see the baby-sized Long being held up to the cot of his new nephew, singing 'May all your dreams come true'. The elephant-faced Chan cannot face the gawping christening party until Long eggs him on: 'A real man meets trouble unruffled. Charge!' And they break on through to the other side. The film ends with the two singing 'Please set me alight with the candle of life,' which, having seen, one can but echo. Asked for a postscript to the shooting, Chan said he wished people wouldn't stare at them so much. We stared in wonder, Chan. □

Work in Progress will be back next week.

Weekend competition

No 2861 **Set by E.O. Parrott**

Would readers please summarise any famous sonnet in a single rhyming couplet? Max. five attempts per entrant. Deadline Wednesday 6 March.

No 2858 **Set by Nell L. Wregible**

Dramatisations by known playwrights of *The Wind in the Willows, The House at Pooh Corner* or some other anthropomorphic classic.

Report **By Rosie Hughs**

Just wiggle your nose from your muffler a moment and give the air a little sniff. There, can't you feel them? The first wafts of spring? As delicate as babies' necks? Get on with you, of course you can: you wouldn't be writing so fine if you couldn't. I only wish we'd the space to give more of you prizes. Those that went for the wittier playwrights didn't always quite make it (wicked Noël Coward was especially good at giving compers the slip) and Samuel Beckett got a *little* bit battered, the sweetheart. We had *Waiting for* Badger, Eeyore (twice), Heffalump, Pooh, Mr MacGregor — not to mention Christopher Robin. Ten pounds each to the winners, a big fat cuddle to the rest of you. And Katie, treasure, I'm afraid that's just wishful thinking.

Aeschylus's Peter Rabbit

Enter Messenger

Mrs Rabbit:
In your eyes I see disaster!
What the gods decree for rabbits
Must be known, cannot be hidden.
Tell us, man! Do not keep silent.

Messenger:
Though my charge beats at my heart's core
I must answer, tell you plainly
Of the god MacGregor's anger.
MacGregor, he we fear and pray to,
MacGregor with his sullen god-strength,
Black-browed titan of the garden,
Gazed in wrath upon the carnage,
Seeing by the ravaged lettuce
Fearful, mortal Father Rabbit
Crouching in the he-god's lettuce,
Stilled by knowledge of his death-due,
By sudden knowledge of his hubris.

The Chorus begins to dance

Chorus:
Thus the gods prepare their pottage,
Thus inflict on mortal rabbits
Wisdom through the death of great ones!

N.J. WARBURTON

Oscar Wilde's The Wind in the Willows

Magistrate: You admit taking the vehicle without the owner's consent?
Toad: It was its colour, sir. A perfect foil for my silk cravat.
Magistrate: A fig for your cravat, sir!
Toad: Done, sir! I adore figs; so deliciously decadent.
Magistrate: The constable who was responsible for your apprehension. . .
Toad: He was responsible for my arrest. You are responsible for my apprehension.
Magistrate: . . . says that you accused him of diabolical behaviour.
Toad: I believe the word was allegorical. I had a vision of Intelligence overcome by Diligence.
Magistrate: After which you made a further insulting remark.
Toad: An aphorism, reflecting on the spectacle of the brainless in pursuit of the shameless.
Magistrate: Enough. I am going to make an example of you.
Toad: It is the curious fate of the hardened criminal to lead an exemplary life.
Magistrate: I shall pronounce a long sentence. Twenty years.
Toad: 'Twenty years' is neither long nor a sentence. It is merely a term.

NOEL PETTY

Athol Fugard's The Wind in the Willows

Toad: Some time I've had. I've been in gaol. I got thrown in the river. I lost my wallet but I took a horse and sold it so I tell you I made the white man look a bloody fool, ja.
Rat: It's you is a bloody fool man. You lost a wallet and in it your pass I bet. That little book, eh?
Toad: So I'll get another.
Rat: You think it's bloody easy, man? You think you'll find another one like shit in the street? You're in big trouble man. And you're wearing a washerwoman's dress. You know what they'll do to you for immorality if they catch you? You'll go to prison — ja, maybe to Robben Island.
Toad: I'd die there.
Rat: You don't want to die?
Toad: I don't want to die.
Rat: Then I tell you man, start running now and if the white weasels catch you keep smiling and say 'Yes, baas' to everything.

KEN RUDGE

Harold Pinter's A Bear Called Paddington

Henry Brown: Where you from?
Bear: Peru.
H.B.: I knew a bear once. He came from Peru. Well, just out of Peru, it was. Yes. He had a llama, this Peruvian bear, a terrific spitter, what a spitter. (*Pause*) What part of Peru, then?
Bear: Darkest.
H.B.: Darkest. (*Pause*) Dark. . .est. (*Pause*) How much more marmalade you thinking of scoffing, then?
Bear: Just. . .a few jars.
H.B.: You know, I bet you're a devil for buns. Sticky ones? Yes. You probably had more cream buns than a Lima llama on Bank Holiday.
Judy: Cut it out, Dad.
H.B.: Cut it out, what d'you mean? He comes here, label round his neck, big label, says he's got an Aunt Lucy, what about Aunt Lucy, then? Come on, where's this Aunt Lucy? She was a goer, I can tell. (*Pause*) This isn't Peru, you woolly git. It's Paddington.
Bear: Paddington. That's. . .that's a good name.

WILL BELLENGER

Tom Stoppard's House at Pooh Corner

Piglet: Christopher Robin, come quickly! Something's fallen into the trap. Do you think it's the Heffalump?
CR: Being merely undefined, a Heffalump would certainly feel safe and become careless. Non-existence is the only ultimate security.
Piglet: He seems to have his head stuck in a pot, but it's too dark to see.
CR: It could be a nightjar. Or perhaps a jar-falcon. Does it cry jug jug?
Piglet: Listen. (*Muffled cries from Pooh*). Is it the Heffalump?
CR: Well, it could be a bottle-weevil, or a ewer-lamb, or even an amphora goat. On the other hand, it might be a crockery-spaniel or even a small marmite.
Piglet: I think. . .
CR: Don't interrupt. Or perhaps a dreg-urchin, a bun-tin, a flagon-dry or an inside-widener. But on the whole. . . (*more cries*). . . I incline to think it's a coy-pooh.
Piglet: O Christopher Robin, you're so clever.
CR: You're getting the idea.

TONY PLEET

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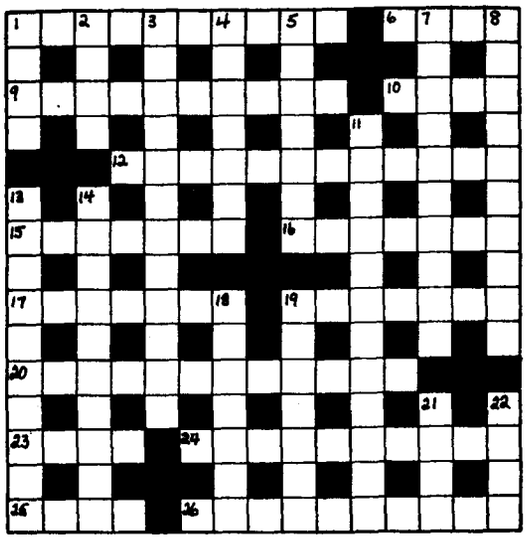
Weekend Crossword 1470

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1470, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 5 March.



Name _____

Address _____

_____

_____

ACROSS

1. Kind of painting which sounds just right for king and capital (10)
6. If found in bars the bishop would become a robber (4)
9. When giving a performance a singer is upset about a foreigner returning (10)
10. The advantage of getting the sack? (4)
12. Have a drink with the directors where the men are deployed (12)
15. Took it easy although reform is long due (7)
16. Something to wear when fat holds part of the body back (7)
17. Where a little wheel carries one (7)
19. Cutting one freely with a hundred cuts (7)
20. See changes on board (7,5)
23. Something small for a cat (4)
24. Final judgment? (10)
25. Time for something to eat (4)
26. Again insisted the deserts are being transformed (10)

DOWN

1. Wine as an obligation (4)
2. Emperor who lives in one room (4)
3. They sing hymns but go on creating disharmony (12)
4. Have repercussions when socialist dog is beheaded (7)
5. This is used to relieve pain for people although over fifty (7)
7. Ruler who looks on the level in an island (10)
8. Car performed with someone without an instructor (10)
11. Dictatorship of Anthony and Margaret (8,4)
13. Dark poet holds love to be something to write on (10)
14. Make reduction in a sentence showing copper wrong about this disturbance (3,2,5)
18. A gentleman put up with a fish dish (7)
19. There are alternatives but it makes a distinguished person love one item on the menu (7)
21. It makes it difficult to see two roads (4)
22. She could come up to have a meal (4)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1468

L	A	B	E	L		A	M	B	E	R	G	R	I	S
A		O		E		M		E		E		O		U
R	E	S	T	A	M	P	E	D		T	R	U	M	P
G		O		D		L		S		R		N		E
H	A	M	P	E	R	E	D		M	A	D	D	E	R
E				R		F		P		C		E		
T	I	R	E		P	O	T	E	N	T	I	L	L	A
T		E		M		R		N		S		A		G
O	F	F	P	U	T	T	I	N	G		A	Y	E	R
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C	A	N	O	N		W	E	A	R	I	S	O	M	E
A		E		E		A		I		R		R		N
R	E	D	D	R	A	G	O	N		E	R	E	C	T

Prizewinners to 1468

James Armitage (Sheffield)
James Crossland (Sherwood, Nottingham)
Hazel Sweetman (Basingstoke)

★ Classified Ads ★ Phone 01-251 5487 ★

HEARTSEARCH

ACADEMIC, 57, 6ft, slim, non-smoking, interests: visual arts, painting, countryside, estranged from wife, needs woman similar interests, for mutual help & support. Bristol/London. Box (08)0288.

ADVENTUROUS HEARTSEARCHERS over 45 and drifting? Consider opting out, living, playing, working within small group. (3 each sex?) Could be antidote. Let's talk Easter. Box (08)0310.

AMERICAN PILOT (Ultra-Conservative) in London every three/four months seeks unencumbered relationship with lady (30-40). Prefer Germanophile but all okay. Likes: History, Books, Theatre, Music, Humour, Guitar, Intelligent Conversation, Cognac. Photo please! Box (04) 0148.

ARE YOU a lively minded individual, 18-80, enjoying the arts, discussions, conferences, rambles, dancing? The Progressive League caters for Mind, Body and intellectual Stimulus. And it's so cheap. Ring 01-452 8358.

ARTICULATE, ATTRACTIVE American anglophile (50), wishes to meet London friends who share her interest in politics, theatre, cinema, art, antiques and good conversation. Box (08)0285.

ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL man (58), loves arts, seeks attractive, sensual, non-smoking woman, slim/medium (any age to 53), any race/circumstance for warm friendship/enjoyments. Pref. London/surrounding area. Box (06)0229.

AUTHOR SEEKS non-smoking companion for hiking in South Pennines and possible collaboration on writing and guiding projects. Box (06)0212.

BIRMINGHAM WOMAN, 30, 4 year-old incumberance, seeks male(s) 25-35, who are not heavily into 'realism'. They should also, for preference, be pacifist/peace orientated. Marriage/father substitute definitely not required. Box (08)0325.

BUSY FEMALE teacher, 40s, seeks unattached male for out of school activities. Wide interests from dancing to daydreaming. West of London and around. Box (08)0290.

CARIBBEAN GRADUATE, female 33, loves countryside, theatre, cinema, seeks male for lasting relationship. Any nationality. Box (08)0309.

CARING, SENSITIVE Jewess (N/R), 54, 5'8", seeks non-smoking, socialist friends with whom to enjoy theatre, ballet, scrabble, veggy meals. Based London/Essex borders. Box (06)0231.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating, Dept. (7NS), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011.

EDITOR/WRITER, 40s, platonic marriage, enjoys tennis, swimming, visual arts, seeks very tall, sincere, independent, sexy, non-smoking girl for long-term relationship. London, N. Middx, Herts. Box (08)0332.

FAITHFUL, FEMININE, loving, romantic, auburn-haired divorcee, early forties, seeks protective, caring man, probably ex-public school/university, successful in his career, who enjoys the good things of life and who also needs someone to care, share and love with. London or near. Box (07)0281.

FEMALE GRADUATE, socialist green, 32, sociable, educated, sensitive, stable, humorous, positive, nature-loving, interests simple and academic, seeks similar man, returnable photo appreciated. London. Box (06)0213.

FEMALE, 40, lecturer, divorced, seeks tall, attractive, professional male, 40s, sense of humour, to share interests like eating out, cinema, theatre, music, conversation. Merseyside. Box (08)0302.

FEMALE, MID-40s, musician, enjoys art, theatre, travel, likes cats, dislikes smoking, muddle, pop, would like to meet optimistic, creative man, to share interests. Within reach London. Box (08)0298.

FEMINIST, SOCIALIST woman, 29, seeks caring, long-term relationship with anti-sexist man, East Midlands. Beginning to wonder if there are such men around. Box (08)0300.

'FITS OF PASSION I have known' – not recently. Worldly, unattached executive, mid thirties, Belgravia, seeks kindred spirit. Box (08)0297.

STIMULATING MALE, 31, sometime lawyer, armchair radical, good fellow, seeks female for cerebral and sensual pleasures. Box (08)0326.

HIGH-RANKING UNIVERSITY teacher, addicted to reading, writing and talking, tall, slim, belated sufferer from seven-year-itch, seeks educated, unobtrusive lady friend. Box (08)0289.

I HAVE a wonderful, cheerful, interesting, life-loving, enthusiastic, young grandmother, who needs a man in her life! Home Counties. Box (07)0258.

INTELLIGENT, AMUSING male, 32, good company, stable and positive, seeks similar woman for social outings leading to a caring, long-term relationship. Cambridge based, but often in London. Box (08)0330.

IRISH GUY, 33, intelligent, solvent, interesting Gemini, living Bloomsbury, seeks intelligent, assertive female with interests, feelings and needs. Please ring 01-837 2052.

IS THERE an unattached female in the NE, who would like to meet a friendly graduate (25)? Not exactly Redford, but reasonable! Non-smoker please. Box (08)0286.

LEFT-WING MALE, 47, Herts, anti-materialistic lover quiet, intelligent women, nature, believer in physical/psychological inter-relation, seeks like-minded lady. Box (08)0329.

LONDON BASED professional woman, mid forties, seeks professional man, 40-60, to share arts, travel, cinema and caring relationship. Non-smoker please. Box (06)0240.

LONDON: WRITER, mature, caring, very experienced, would like to meet good secretary, to help with interesting book on Science and Philosophy. View companionship/marriage. Box (08)0293.

MALE UNDERGRADUATE seeks fun-loving, adventurous woman, up to 30s. I enjoy everything, anything goes? Photo? London. Box (08) 0315.

PLAYWRIGHT, 34, Westminster, London: wishes to meet women for visits to theatres, films, etc., friendship and perhaps more. Box (08) 0287.

POST. GRAD. FEMALE, 40, lonely amidst a host of friends, seeks intellectual stimulation. Passionately fond of theatre, opera, laughter, food and dogs. Maybe we could start a group in Manchester? Box (08)0324.

PROFESSIONAL MAN, MA Oxon, aged 52, wishes to meet attractive lady, late 40s, from S. Yorkshire, S. Midlands or London area, with a view to a friendly relationship. Box (08)0292.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN Graduate, single, 47, mellowed left-wing, interested everything bar sport and domesticity, loves boats, London, the arts, jazz, travel, moorland, driving, the sea, sampling different cuisines. Has irreverent sense of humour and love of language, enjoys puns etc., seeks similar man 45-55 preferably London/Essex. Box (08)0299.

SOULMATE? SERIOUS-MINDED, non-smoking man sought by lady (30s). Interests: ecological movement, pacifism, classical music, visual arts, countryside. Scotland/N. England. Will travel. Box (08)0291.

STUDENT OF Politics, 35, attractive, caring, seeks similar female around 30, for companionship and laughter. Have you always looked but never answered? North/Midlands. Box (07)0282.

SWEDISH WOMAN, 35, wants to correspond with man, 33-43, with sense of humour. Interests: literature, classical music, outdoor life, discussions about politics and other serious matters. Coming to GB in July, perhaps we can meet then. Box (07)0279.

WANTED: GENUINE lady friend to comfort and share in non-platonic, caring friendship, with lonely gentleman 50, with wide interests, living London area. Box (08)0328.

WARM, CARING, sensual lady wanted for company, by gentleman 50, living London area. Many interests including sailing with own boat at South Coast. Box (08)0327.

WOMAN, 34, North Worcs, seeks warm, unattached, intelligent, funny country-lover, thirties. Herefords/Worcs or nearby, to share happy times and escapades. Interests: walking, music, arts, politics. Photo appreciated. Box (07)0272.

YOUNGISH PROFESSIONAL lady, 36, based London (teacher and social worker), seeks male companion, intellectual and political interests. Box (08)0323.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

SINGLE ROOM in shared flat or bed & breakfast sought by male. West London area for five months. Tel. Roy Singleton Service Engineer 01-858 6243 office hours.

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APPOINTMENTS

LIVERPOOL EDUCATION COMMITTEE

LECTURER II

Liverpool Access to Higher Education Course at Old Swan Technical College, Broadgreen Road, Liverpool L13 5SQ. Tel: 051-220 9311.

A well-qualified, committed and experienced person is required to teach on the Access Course based in the inner city. The person appointed will be expected to play a leading professional role in a team developing new teaching strategies and forging links with H.E. institutions for adult black students and members of ethnic minorities. Teaching duties are expected to be within one or more of English/Study Skills, Social Sciences and Quantitative Methods/Statistics. Familiarity and experience of adult teaching and learning will be an advantage and a background in Access or multicultural anti-racist education will be expected.

Applications are to be returned within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement. Further particulars can be obtained from the Principal.

The City Council is an Equal Opportunity Employer and welcomes applications irrespective of race, sex, marital status or disability.

GLC

Working for London

Information Centre Manager

Police Committee Support Unit

The Unit's Information Centre is responsible for disseminating public information on policing in London. Its diverse activities cover distribution of publications and preparation of exhibitions.

This post oversees all aspects of the Centre's day-to-day work, including financial and administrative functions, and advises the Support Unit on appropriate distribution techniques. Developing the use of videos is an important area of involvement.

Organisational and staff management skills are needed, backed by some financial experience, record keeping and computerised information retrieval. Applicants must be first-rate communicators, capable of liaising effectively at all levels.

Salary: £9,255-£11,325 inclusive. Ref: 5386.

The Women's Committee
A Voice for Women in London

The Resourcing Women Team develops policy and strategies to assist in providing services for women in London, including advice and resource centres, counselling support and technical services. We wish to recruit people with an understanding of women's issues and a commitment to the Unit's aims.

Grants Officers

These posts assist in all stages of the grant aid application process i.e. drafting detailed reports to Committee, visiting/assessing applicant organisations, answering enquiries and liaising with Borough Councils, GLC departments and voluntary bodies.

First class organisational, drafting and communication skills are called for, with the capacity to work under pressure and deal with a wide range of people tactfully and effectively. This should be backed by a knowledge of the voluntary sector and local government, or equivalent, experience. The posts require an understanding of the complex issues of racism, including the special needs of ethnic minority women, together with an awareness of all aspects of disability, heterosexism, and ageism.

Salary: £9,255-£11,325 inclusive. Ref: 5359.

LONDON AGAINST RACISM

The GLC is an equal opportunities employer. We invite applications from women and men from all sections of the community, irrespective of their ethnic origin, colour, sexual orientation or disability, who have the necessary attributes to do the job.

For an application form, to be returned by 8th March 1985, write to: GLC Director-General's Department. Room 203, The County Hall, SE1 7PB or telephone 01-633 1527/2390. Please quote appropriate reference.

These posts are suitable for job sharing

WORKERS' EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION
London District

TEMPORARY PART—TIME DEVELOPMENT OFFICER

Salary Scale **£5,910-£10,251 plus London Weighting (Pro-rata 35 hour week)**

The Development Officer is required from 9 April-4 August 1985. Maximum 20 hours per week to work with WEA Branches and Groups in the Inner/Outer London area. Experience of WEA essential.

Ring for application form and full job description to **District Secretary on 01-387 8966. (WEA London District, 32 Tavistock Square, London WC1)**

Closing date: **14 March 1985.**

The Woodcraft Folk

SOUTHERN DEVELOPMENT OFFICER. A progressive, voluntary youth and children's organisation seeks to appoint a highly motivated person to develop the Woodcraft Folk in the South of England, based from its Head Office in South London.

Ability to work with voluntary leaders and within a committee structure essential.

Salary circa £9,000 including London weighting.

LONDON DEVELOPMENT WORKER The Woodcraft Folk seeks to appoint a Development Worker for one year commencing as soon as possible to promote and develop the organisation in Greater London. The person appointed will be expected to be able to have a high degree of personal initiative and to work with voluntary leaders. Publicity skills would be an added advantage.

The post is funded by the Greater London Council.

Salary: AP5 £9,800

For further details, write or phone:

The National Secretary,
The Woodcraft Folk,
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London SW17 8QE.
Tel: 01-672 6031 OR 01-767 2457

CLOSING DATE: 4 March 1985.

OV SELECTION have a number of vacancies for temporary & permanent office staff with typing skills. We welcome enquiries from mature people as well as College leavers. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy), Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

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GLC

Working for London

Head & Deputy Head

Contracts Compliance Equal Opportunities Unit

The use of the Council's purchasing power with its suppliers to ensure equality of opportunity for women, ethnic minorities and people with disabilities within their organisations represents one of the most positive interventionist aspects of our equal opportunities policy.

We are now looking for two people committed to these aims and familiar with equal opportunities legislation and practice to lead this initiative.

The Unit Head is responsible for directing, co-ordinating and overseeing the Unit's policy work and its day to day operation, maintaining close liaison with Members and other areas of the Council.

Salary: £20,349-£21,933 inclusive. Ref: 5433.

The Deputy Head not only carries a personal caseload, but is responsible for managing Central Administration and the Resources Section, which programmes the Unit's publicity, advises and assists suppliers in developing their policies and training, and collects information on companies and sectors as a basis for strategy development.

Salary: £16,629-£18,489 inclusive. Ref: 5434.

Both posts demand a unique blend of skills and experience of translating policy objectives into positive practical action, together with familiarity with relevant equal opportunities legislation and practices. The proven ability to manage and motivate staff, together with an understanding of their development needs, is essential and for the Head this management experience should have been gained at a senior level. Good communications and negotiating skills and the ability to work under pressure are also needed.

Strategy Executive

Cultural Industries Unit

The Council has established the Unit in conjunction with the Greater London Enterprise Board, to regenerate London's independent cultural industries and provide investment in press, publishing, music, film and video enterprises.

This post involves developing proposals for investment in these industries and to expand employment and promote democratic structures within them, as well as contributing to the development of general industrial policy.

A wide knowledge of the cultural industries sector is required, coupled with a capacity to think strategically and present complex issues effectively.

Proven ability to work with groups having wide ranging and often conflicting interests, is essential.

Salary: £14,781-£16,545 inclusive. Ref: 5435.

Research Officer

Employment Welfare Unit

This Unit is currently involved in a major research project into poverty and inequality in the London labour market, under the direction of Professor Peter Townsend of Bristol University.

This is an opportunity for a person with sound social survey experience to work with Professor Townsend assisting with surveys of households and employments and on the analysis of changes in the labour market and working conditions.

Some management experience and a good knowledge of labour market issues are called for, together with the ability to communicate research findings to a wide variety of audiences.

Salary: £14,781-£16,545 inclusive. Ref: 5436.

LONDON AGAINST RACISM

The GLC is an equal opportunities employer. We invite applications from women and men from all sections of the community, irrespective of their ethnic origin, colour, sexual orientation or disability, who have the necessary attributes to do the job.

For an application form, to be returned by 8th March 1985, write to: GLC Director-General's Department, Room 203, The County Hall, SE1 7PB or telephone 01-633 2390.

These posts are suitable for job sharing

LISTINGS

FRI 22 FEB

MANCHESTER 'Trade Union Laws — Effects on Civil Liberties'. NCCL Open Meeting. 7pm Longsight Library, Stockport Rd. Adm. Free.

LONDON Miners Benefit with live music from 'The Outskirts' & 'Crocodile Tears' 7pm Seven Dials Club, 46 Earlham St, WC2. Adm. £3.50/£1.50 UB40. **Org. Westminster & City Miners' Support Grp.**

SAT 23 FEB

LONDON AGM of Labour Movement Campaign for Palestine 10am County Hall, South Bank, SE1. Creche/membership available at door.

LONDON Chile Solidarity Social 6pm Coopers Lane Community Centre, Purchese St, NW1 (after AGM 10.30am-5pm at Camden Town Hall). Chilean music, food, dancing. Striking Chilean miner from Scotland is guest of honour. Adm. £1/50p UB40. **Details: CSC 01-272 4298.**

MANCHESTER The Media v the Miners' 2-4pm Reception suite, GMC County Hall, Piccadilly Gdns. Spkrs. Betty Heathfield, Mike Power, reps from BBC & ITV TV newsrooms. **Org. Campaign for Press & Broadcasting Freedom 061-832 6991.**

BOLTON Miners Benefit 8pm Bolton Socialist Club, 16 Wood St. (off Bradshawgate). Live music, real ale. Adm. £1.50/£1 UB40.

SUN 24 FEB

LONDON Medical Campaign against Nuclear Weapons Benefit with Hank Wangford Band & The Europeans 7.30pm Shaw Theatre, Euston Rd, NW1. **Details: MCANW, Southbank House, Black Prince Rd, SE1. 01-582 9826.**

MON 25 FEB

LONDON 'Science & the mask of masculinity' in series 'Beneath the white coat'. Spkr. David Albury (NELP) 7.30pm The Roebuck, Tottenham Ct. Rd, W1. **Org. BSSRS.**

TUES 26 FEB

CAMDEN Public Meeting called for the repeal of Prevention of Terrorism Act 7.30pm Irish Centre, Murray St, NW1. Spkrs. incl. Dr. Maire O'Shea, Tony Jennings, reps. from Labour & Liberal Parties.

WED 27 FEB

LONDON 'Fighting Back' with Brenda Dean, Gen. Sec. Elect SOGAT '82. 8pm Rm. 4. Town Hall, Upper St, N1. **Org. Islington Fabian Soc. 01-249 3679/251 2251.**

LONDON Campaign against Police Violence picket Kennington Rd. Police Stn. 12.30-2.30pm Pratt Walk, SE11.

LONDON 'The Crisis in Ethiopia' with Mary Galvin of Christian Aid. 8.30pm Tate Gallery (between Ritzy & Library) opp. Lambeth Town Hall. **Org. Brixton Communist Party.**

THURS 28 FEB

LONDON Public Meeting on Rate Capping 7.30pm Rose Lipman Community Centre, Downham Rd, N1. Spkrs. incl. Brian Sedgemore MP Andrew Puddephat (Hackney Cncl.) **Org. Hackney S. & Shoreditch Labour Party, de Beauvoir Ward. Details: 01-241 0812.**

LONDON Westminster Miners Support Grp. meeting with a man and women from N. Staffs. Coalfields. 12.30-2pm St. James's Church, Piccadilly W1. **Details: 01-828 0393.**

LONDON 'Mixed Marriage — a challenge of our time' with James Berry, Anglo-W. Indian prize winning poet. 7pm Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. Adm 75p incl. refreshment/ UB40 free. **Org. Progressive League Woman/Man Relationship Grp.**

FRI 1 MAR

LONDON Benefit with Spare Tyre, Live Sounds, Sams Disco 8pm Venture Centre, Wornington Rd, W10. Adm. £2.50/£1.50 UB40. **Org. London Women's Advisory Cttee. 01-960 5961.**

MANCHESTER Save the World' Disco — Music from Dance Train. 8.30pm till late West Indian Centre, Carmoor Rd (off Hathersage Rd). Adm. £2/£1 UB40. **Org. Longsight & Rusholme CND.**

LONDON Nuclear Free and Independent Pacific Day — 31st Anniversary of Bikini Atoll nuclear test. Public demo. Details: of this and other public meetings with Pacific Islander women **Zohl/Bridget. Women Support Pacific struggles, 13 Lillieshall Rd, SW4. 01-701 9069.**

SAT 2 MAR

LONDON Campaign Against Arms Trade 'Bread not Bombs' National Meeting at 111 Gower St, WC1 (Sat) Friends International Centre, Byng Pl, WC1 (Sun). **Bkings & Details: CAAT, 5 Caledonian Rd, N1 9DX 01-278 1976.**

LONDON Women & Photography Day at Battersea Arts Centre. Women interested/involved in photography contact: **Amanda, Format Photographers, 25 Horsell Rd, N5. 01-609 3439 (Mons & Tues.)**

LONDON 'Poor Britain' Conference org. by CPAG 10.30am-5.30pm City University, Northampton Sq, EC1. Sessions on social security & the welfare state. Spkrs incl Barbara Cohen, Chris Pond, Prof. Patrick Minford, Nick Raynsford, Prof. Peter Townsend. Fee £6/£3 UB40. **Details and programme: Alan Booth, CPAG 1 Macklin St, WC2. 01-242 3225.**

FORTHCOMING

8-11 MAR ARMAGH International Women's Day Delegation. **Details: London Armagh Women's Grp. C/O 52/54 Featherstone ST, EC1.**

9 MAR BURNHAM-on-SEA, SOMERSET 'The D Questions: Disarmament, Development or Disaster?' Study day at Princess Hall, £3/£2 UB40. **Details/registration: Liz Wright, Burnham-on-Sea & Highbridge CND, 5 Kingsway Rd, Burnham-on-Sea, Somerset.**

9 MAR LONDON One-day conf. to launch 'London Congress' in support of Welsh mining communities. Discn. Welsh/London common experiences in struggle. Spkrs. Ken Livingstone, Dafydd Ellis Thomas, MP, Ann Clwyd MP. Creche, disabled access. Fee (incl. lunch) £4/£2 UB40. **Details: s.a.e to: Dai Donavan, 630 Green Lanes, Haringey, N13. 01-888 8335.**

9 MAR BIRMINGHAM 'Alternative Job Fair' 11am-4.30pm Birmingham Uni. Guild of Students, Edgbaston Park Rd, Access for wheelchairs/creche/refreshments. Adm. Free. **Details: Idris Griffiths/Chris Chapman 021-472 1841 x.7.**

9-10 MAR LONDON Conference on Local Council's Action and Women's Employment. **Details: Rhoda Brawn, Rm. 8. County Hall, SE1. 01-633 4613/4725.**

10 MAR LONDON 'Republicanism Lives' 3rd AGM of Republic 10-4pm County Hall, SE1. Adm. Free. **Details: Republic, C/O 55A Netley Rd, Ilford IG2 7NR.**

15-18 MAR NEWTOWN, Powys 'Gregynog '85 NARRATIVE: A collaborative Enquiry.' **Details. Dr. Beatrice Avalos, Dept. of Education, University College, PO Box 78, Cardiff CF1 1XL.**

15 MAR LONDON 'Cruise Alert!' Public Meeting 8pm Woolwich Public Hall, Market St, SE18. Spkrs. incl. Owen Greene (SANA). Reps from Molesworth & Greenham Common, Pat Arrowsmith, Prof. Maurice Wilkins, Nobel prize winner. Adm. free. Bar/entertainment, disabled access. **Details: Greenwich CND 01-691 4128.**

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

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special miners' issue

Raymond Williams analyses what the miners' strike means for the future of socialism.

Hilary Rose shows how the Left has missed the importance of social benefits.

David Howell argues that the Labour leadership's response has been politically bankrupt.

Peggy Kahn discusses Arthur Scargill and the building of militancy among the Yorkshire miners.

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MEETINGS

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Sunday 24 Feb. 8 p.m. Informal Q/A Meeting 'Death and After'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

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WESTERN SAHARA CAMPAIGN
A conference to launch this campaign will be held on Wednesday 27 February at 6.30pm. Flaggs Restaurant, Commonwealth Institute, Kensington High Street, London W8.
Reports from Western Sahara — Message from Polisario — Film.
Admission Free
Details from W.S.C., 180 Brixton Road, London SW9.

Meeting at
SOAS Lecture Hall
Malet Street,
London WC1
Tues. 26 Feb.
6.45 p.m.
'REPRESSION IN THE ISRAELI OCCUPIED TERRITORIES'
Speaker: Lea Tsemel, leading Israeli Human Rights Lawyer.

APPEAL

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